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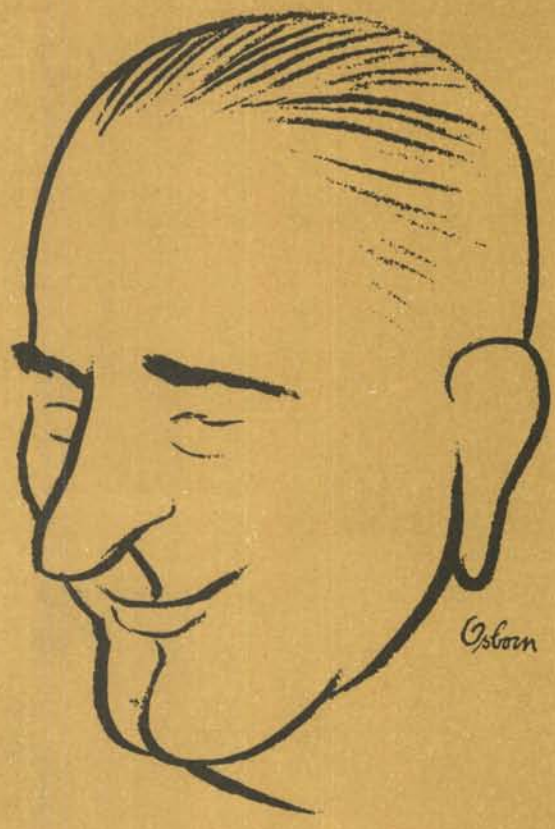
In Search of a Candidate

The World of the Senior Senator from Texas



June 13, 1960, 25 cents

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

Who Was In Charge?

★ Let's try a thumbnail recapitulation of the U-2 incident.

Espionage is contrary to international law, and everybody does it. The four-year U-2 flights were valid espionage, we believe, and immensely valuable to our country. The United States is less safe without them.

Dramatization of Powers' capture showed Russians they were at once spied upon and vulnerable to nuclear attack. Violent Kremlin reaction was inevitable. Possibly it shook Khrushchev's prestige.

Having authorized such flights Eisenhower delegated details to subordinates. The crucial flight a week before the Summit wasn't ordered; it just happened. Nobody was in charge.

The foul-up of "cover" stories during the May 5-9 weekend came with an absentee Eisenhower (at Gettysburg) and a weary Herter (flown in from 10 days' conferences abroad) making the decisions by telephone, with Hagerty hovering in the background.

Once having decided to abandon U-2 flights Eisenhower didn't say so at once. Even on the eve of K's blast at Paris, with a Soviet torpedo expected, Eisenhower did not seek out K (or so it appears) to tell him of the decision.

K's course may have been frozen from the start. We can't be sure. But in any event, the US compounded the provocation by (a) implying the flights would continue and (b) asserting Eisenhower's responsibility. When *The New York Times* said flights would be suspended, Hagerty slapped down the story. And when K offered the President an "out" – by stating his belief that Eisenhower was not personally aware of the flights – Eisenhower (or Herter, or Hagerty, or Dillon or whoever) rejected it.

The U-2 incident, in brief, damaged US prestige; triggered (or was the excuse for) a switch in Khrushchev policy; blocked Eisenhower's potentially healing trip to Russia, and caused abandonment of US espionage flights, without equivalent concessions from Moscow.

What does the detached observer say of all this? What other verdict is there than that the bad timing of the flight and subsequent ignoble fog of confusion harked back, basically, to having a part-time President? Nobody was in charge; nobody was responsible. We can't, of course, repeal the 1956 election now. But we can see that government-by-delegation produces chaos, where, in short, it produces these giddy official contradictions: The Powers' flight was not – then it was – an espionage flight. Eisenhower didn't – then did – know about this flight. Eisenhower wasn't – then was – fully responsible for such flights. Such flights wouldn't – and then would – be suspended. Nixon wasn't aware – and then was – that flights be suspended. End story.

Blow the Penny Whistle

★ We were a young man in Boston when word came that Sacco-Vanzetti had finally been executed. That was a third of a century ago. Right to the last minute we didn't believe they would die. We say this because many who see the moving two-part TV drama by Reginald Rose over NBC, reconstructing that terrible episode, will exclaim, "Such a thing could not happen today!" or will ask, "Where were the people in the mid-20's to protect this injustice?" Well, the answer is it could happen again, and there were people who fought and protested at the time. This is no by-gone closet drama. It is so hard to make young people understand that the fight against cruelty and injustice is a continuing struggle, that the effort of the sensitive minority to hold the inchoate, heedless majority to the norms of justice and democracy never can end. It produces long thoughts, looking at "Sacco-Vanzetti." Must injustice always wait to be corrected – too late? Is it sufficient to be able to say "I told you so" in history books, after the victims are dead? Just the other day, in the totally different Chessman case, Society insisted on killing a man whom (it seemed to some of us) it had finally reclaimed. Well, we don't know the answer to this one. All we can say is that a few people will always be here – now and a century from now – to blow the penny whistle of protest right in the teeth of the gale of angry conformity. Maybe folks will listen, maybe not, but one thing you can bet – that strident, irritating cricket cry will never be silent.

These Lame Duck Days

★ It's curious how cynical prosperous, tail-fin Washington is these days. Few Presidents have talked so much about morality or tried so hard, according to their lights, to inspire ancient virtues. And yet most of us can see that the regulatory agencies are a shambles. Eisenhower has had to use the word "covering statement," and Nixon, "evasive action," as synonyms for lies in the U-2 incident. Now it turns out that the just-fired head of the Federal Drug Administration received nearly $300,000 from drug publications doing business with outfits he was supposed to police. (The purity and high quality of medical drugs touches most of us.) And Washington snickers over the padded expense vouchers of Congressmen who took wives along on junkets, used counterpart funds without proper accounting, stayed at resort hotels and patronized night clubs at taxpayers' expense while ferreting out subversives; or changed "bar charges" to "food" in pencil notations. When the exposures began newsmen were forbidden to photograph the vouchers any longer. Who will investigate the investigators? There is a laxness, a slackness, yes, a kind of sickness in Washington these lame-duck days; it is hard to find inspiring news. It is hard to find a sense of urgency or direction.

We can't help wondering if Eisenhower shouldn't call off his trip to Japan. He has unhappily become a figure in a Japanese political crisis and his arrival, accordingly, looks like an interference in their domestic politics. It is an awkward situation all around. To give up the trip would cause the pro-American Kishi Government to lose face. But little goodwill seems likely to come from this "goodwill visit."

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Khrushchev After Paris

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Khrushchev's "ill-tempered" remarks, made during his defense of the Soviet disarmament proposal, are less shocking than they first seem. Vulgarity, exaggerations, personal ridicule are not uncommon in the Kremlin. The Soviet leaders have said much worse things about each other than Mr. Khrushchev has said about Mr. Eisenhower. What is abnormal for Soviet spokesmen is the restrained tone of 19th Century diplomacy. If this is more widely appreciated, we may be spared an election campaign in which candidates and parties vie for the honor of slapping the Russians the hardest – a danger foreshadowed by Nixon lieutenant Pat Hillings' primary eve statement to California Republicans that a vote against the Vice President would be interpreted by Khrushchev "as an indication that the Administration's tough attitude toward Communism is not supported by the American people." For it is not Khrushchev's abusive language which challenges us, but the opportunity that is still ours to use American power in ways which can best assure the growth of free, just and economically sound societies.

Now, what importance may one attach to the Soviet disarmament plan itself? It is, in brief, a rearranged and amended version of their 1959 proposal for total disarmament to be achieved in three stages. The high priority given by France to eliminating the means of delivering nuclear weapons is accepted. Secretary Herter's plan for the creation of an international police force is also accepted, but only in the most general terms and as an afterthought. Initially, Mr. Khrushchev asks for the destruction of all nuclear weapons and delivery systems – including rockets, missiles, aircraft, surface warships and submarines and launching sites. No nation would be permitted, simply on its own authority, to put any devices into outer space or into orbit, to fly over the territory of another country, to launch any rockets, to transmit any nuclear weapons or information on their manufacture to others. And all foreign troops would be brought home and all overseas military bases promptly liquidated.

All this is to be done within a year, or possibly 18 months, and would be supervised by an international control council set up under the United Nations and governed by a two-thirds vote on matters of substance. Presumably, the control council's decisions would be subject to veto in the Security Council, although Khrushchev is not explicit on this vital point.

That is the first stage. Thereafter, all other weapons of mass destruction would be prohibited; all stockpiles destroyed; the US and

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Cycle

the USSR would be allowed no more than 1.7 million men under arms; and joint studies would begin on the setting up of "measures to maintain peace and security in accordance with the Charter of the United Nations." Finally, during stage three, all conventional armaments and armed forces would be disbanded, each state retaining "only strictly limited contingents of police." All military production and training would cease; all military staffs and appropriations would be abolished; the funds thereby released would be used to reduce taxes, "subsidize national economies and to furnish economic and technical assistance to underdeveloped countries."

Mr. Khrushchev's defense of the Soviet proposal at his Moscow press conference last week was hooked with renewed threats to retaliate against any violation of Soviet airspace by throwing nuclear rockets at air bases from which such flights are thought to have come. He also again served notice that unless the West comes to terms – his terms – on Berlin, the Soviets will sign a separate peace treaty with the East Germans, thereby abrogating Allied occupation rights in that city. And he again argued the necessity of the one-nation veto right in the Security Council – thus, in effect, precluding in advance the possibility that any international police force could function where there are sharp differences between the Great Powers. And, Mr. Khrushchev adds, "needless to say, such police units would be available solely for the purpose of maintaining peace between peoples, and not for the purpose of suppressing peoples fighting for independence and social progress. . . ." In other words, *coup d'etats* congenial to the Russians are "progressive," not "provocative."

But there are other reasons why it is hard to take seriously the prospect of constructive negotiations on disarmament now. The Eisenhower Administration, with which the Russians obviously do not wish to do business, has neither the time nor the will nor the inventiveness to mount any diplomatic initiative; confidence in its competence has been shaken, here and abroad; the climate of measured trust and modest expectations essential to the success of any important East-West negotiations has temporarily disappeared. And finally, neither this government nor its allies is likely to agree to the dismantling of our nuclear deterrent (thus leaving the Red Army as the strongest military power in Europe), in the absence of anything resembling an international consensus on how peace is to be preserved, or even what peace means. Until both sides have less reason to fear the other, until there are mutually-acceptable means for resolving national conflicts through accommodation and compromise, formulas for general disarmament will be useful largely for their propaganda effects.

Meanwhile, Mr. Khrushchev insists that he does not anticipate, indeed does not want, a reversal of the progress that has been made since Stalin's death toward freer communication between Russia and the West: "We are on bad terms with the United States at present," but, he says, "we shall get on with each other better. . . . We must not let ourselves be carried away by these aggressive forces so as to create conditions of tension which would burn the 'Cold War' into a hot war." He notes that Soviet trade relations with Western Europe and Britain "are developing fairly well for the time being." Cultural exchanges will continue: "All the scheduled visits of our scientists and artists are being made for the time being and our Soviet men and women are receiving visas to the United States too."

"For the time being."

Sorting Them Out, Sort of

No sooner is it reported that Adlai Stevenson has lost ground, he gains ground. By the time the claim has been published that Kennedy has 351 first-ballot delegate votes, he has 600 or so – which is what he had on June 5. Symington fades and reappears like the Cheshire cat, but when he's visible he looks like Rockefeller, who, in turn, shrinks and shoots up again like Alice nibbling on the mushroom. Nixon sails with the wind, and last week the breeze was blowing from Asia, and so the Vice President told the SEATO meeting that in today's "revolution of expectation," many new nations will

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"choose progress Communist style," and that "whatever we may think of the Communist idea, it is positive; it is on the march; and it offers change to millions of people who want change." The free world, he said, "must wage war on poverty, misery and disease."

Here is the hand of Nixon but audible are the voices of Chester Bowles, Arnold Toynbee, the almost forgotten Henry Wallace, and the Adlai Stevenson of 1954. In 1954, however, Stevenson's warning that Communism was on the march was denounced thus by the Vice President: "Mr. Stevenson has been guilty of spreading pro-Communist propaganda as he attacked with violent fury the economic system of the United States and praised the Soviet economy."

Well, everybody changes. Even Stevenson, who has lately been swinging like the Old Harry. At the Textile Workers' convention on June 1, the delegates shouted: "Give 'em hell, Adlai!"

It remains only to discover what, or rather who, Lyndon Johnson prefers. The Senate Majority Leader, we gather, favors a moderate man who can appeal to all sects and sections, who leads the battle by being above it, who has fully recovered from a heart attack, and who was born in Texas. If it weren't for the 22nd Amendment, he could stop looking right now.

Uncle Sam's Canal

Prodded by last November's riots in the Canal Zone, the President promises that a handful of Panamanians will be trained for the skilled jobs traditionally reserved for white Americans. Some pay increases have been granted, and a thousand new homes are being built for Panamanian citizens who work in the Zone. The Panama Canal Company has agreed to buy more of its supplies within the Republic and to limit the sale of "luxury goods" within its tax-free commissary stores.

Whether these concessions are too meager, and have been granted too grudgingly, to quiet growing nationalist sentiment is an open question. Congress and the Pentagon have rejected Panama's request that her flag be displayed in the Zone. The Canal Company, despite promises made in 1955, is still a Jim Crow organization; the four out of five Panamanians who are Negroes or *mestizos* are made to feel like second-class citizens in their own country. Canal toll receipts, up $5 million last year, break new records every month, but Panama's share remains fixed at $1.93 million. The recent Presidential election, in which Roberto F. Chiari defeated the mildly pro-US National Patriotic Coalition, is an augury of continued agitation.

Panama has many of the same strains that bred Castro's revolution. The Republic's "one-crop" economy is even more lop-sided than Cuba's; direct and indirect revenues from the Canal are $4 million larger than the national budget. A few dozen families are extremely wealthy, but per capita income is under $275 a year and farm laborers get $1.50 for a 12-hour day. A third of the population is illiterate, and unemployment is currently above 12 percent. University students, snubbed on racial grounds by Zonians and barred from jobs as pilots or lock engineers, are bitter. Emissaries from Cuba and from the Arab Republic work steadily to channel resentment against "Yankee Imperialism."

It seems unlikely that these pressures will lead the US to internationalize the Canal. No Panamanians favor such a step, and only a few extremists want the US to pull out of the Zone altogether; instead, a number of compromises seem indicated. Despite the vociferous opposition of Zonians, who would like to preserve their protected strip of luxury, there is no good reason for not training Panamanians for the better-paid Canal jobs. A more equitable distribution of Canal revenues is long overdue; between 1914 and 1958, Panama received only $21 million from toll receipts, as against $2.5 billion for the United States. Senator Smathers' scheme for resolving the flag issue by building a plaza on the edge of the Zone with two flag-poles is worth trying; and the color bar, which operates against US citizens as well as Panamanians, ought to come down.

Washington's trouble with Castro and Trujillo will seem minor if uninterrupted passage through the Canal is ever menaced. In peacetime or during limited wars like those in Korea or Lebanon, the Canal is vital to the US – and to Japan and Western South America as well. In an emergency, as the recent war games in Panama showed, our forces could easily occupy and control the Zone and the Republic as well. But such a desperate step, after the condemnation of England's Suez campaign, would further compromise our government's claims to moral leadership in this hemisphere.

Army Rule in Turkey

From the standpoint of Turkey's Western allies, the shape that the current Turkish revolution is taking is not satisfactory. Turkish prisons have been emptied of the political prisoners who were opponents of the old regime, only to be filled up with the political opponents of the new. Among the new inmates are the bulk of the deputies belonging to the party lately in power, Mr. Menderes' ill-named Democratic Party. The Turkish army officers who have done this deed are far from living up to the intention they initially proclaimed, which was to serve as impartial caretakers while they paved the way to new elections. If they persist in arresting Democrats, they are taking sides, embroiling the army in politics, and ruining the outlook for Turkey's two-party system.

The scene is confusing because two bodies seem to

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have shouldered responsibility for running the country. One is a cabinet consisting of three soldiers and 10 civilians drawn from the learned professions, who undertook a public duty because they believed in the army's impartiality. The other is a military junta called the Committee of National Union and is the body responsible for the widespread nature of the arrests. Between the two shuttles their one common member, General Gursel. Hitherto Commander-in-Chief of Turkey's land forces, he is now prime minister, minister of defense and – self-styled at his first press conference – head of the state. It remains to be seen whether he will give in, during what is bound to be a tussle, to the liberal views of his civilian colleagues or the autocratic ones of his army committee.

Before the *coup*, Mr. Menderes climbed down to the extent of bringing to an end the highly partisan inquiry he had been conducting into the opposition's "subversive activities." He also promised that "next time," the elections would be "regular." He could without much difficulty have been pushed further in the direction of moderation, for at least 150 members of his party considered he had gone too far. Why not have let Menderes' Democrats run for office and find their own level, which would have been sure to be at the bottom? The way ahead looks like a choice between dictatorship by grace of bayonets, or plain military dictatorship.

Either way, NATO is concerned, for the Turkish army is the biggest single land force allocated to it, and it must hope that the first call on that army's time will be for external defense, and not for internal politics.

Mind-Changin' Time

The selection of Florida's Governor Collins as chairman of the Democratic Convention was not a bow to the disaffected Southern wing of the party; it was a deliberate recognition of a new kind of Southern Democratic statesmanship – one which agrees that the Constitution's mandate of desegregation must be lived up to, and one which, in the person of Governor Collins, has publicly denounced as "immoral" the business practices of those merchants who elect to sell Negroes cosmetics but not a cup of coffee. It was too bad that in last month's primaries the people of Florida rejected the man Governor Collins pushed as his successor – Doyle Carlton, Jr., whose father is a moderate former Governor of Florida and member of the United States Commission on Civil Rights. But it is noteworthy that young Carlton's segregationist foe triumphed by the relatively narrow margin of 6-to-5. And in the forthcoming runoff race in North Carolina, the front-running "moderate" candidate for Governor, Terry Sanford, will probably hold off his closest opponent, I. Beverly Lake, who is trying to make race the issue of the campaign.

Viewed in this context, Edward R. Murrow's "Who Speaks For The South?" – an on-the-spot telecast report of the debate on integrated education now going on in Georgia – was impressive. One after another, Americans rose in televised public hearings to speak their piece: the flabby, hard-eyed leaders of the White Citizens Councils; the dessicated ladies who find segregation required by scripture; the young men who "would give up their lives" to maintain "Southern traditions": They all were ready to jettison Georgia's public schools. But on the other side were the firm, soft-spoken mothers of school-children – women who have flocked by the thousands to the banner of HOPE (Help Our Public Education). And there were the Negro teachers, and ministers – "eighth and tenth generation Americans." Mr. Murrow introduced his national television audience to the "young agitators" who stand at their head – Ralph McGill, publisher of *The Atlanta Constitution*, and Atlanta's six-term Mayor, William Hartsfield. The wise thoughts of these two men on the new economic and political life in the South that lies ahead underscored the words of the country newspaper editor whose speech to HOPE closed the program: "It's mind-changin' time in Georgia."

Citizen Frankfurter

It was a happy inspiration several years ago when the Columbia History Department armed a staff of historians with tape-recorders and sent them forth to interview at length those Americans who have chiefly shaped our times. And it was likewise a happy inspiration on the part of those who transcribed Felix Frankfurter's pungent narrative of his progress through the first four decades of this century to recognize that his casual conversation needed little editing to be published today – and not decades hence, in bits and pieces by way of documentation of future histories.

The fruit is the book, *Felix Frankfurter Reminisces*, in which the Justice talks his way from the '90's, when the immigrant boy came from Vienna, to 1939 when Franklin Roosevelt named him to the Supreme Court. In characteristic chatty style, the Justice talks of the extraordinary array of men who were his friends, or for whom and with whom he worked – Henry Stimson, C. C. Burlingham, TR, Taft, Wilson, Holmes, Brandeis, Laski, FDR. He talks of great causes in which he played a major role – the cases of Sacco and Vanzetti, and of Tom Mooney, to name only two. He talks of institutions on which he has left an ineradicable mark – the Harvard Law School, the Supreme Court, *The New Republic*. Throughout, he talks about the United States and of the role of the public citizen.

The book has but one flaw – the editor's choice of the word "reminisces" in the title. "I am not," says Frank-

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furter, "particularly interested in looking back; the present absorbs my time and energy." When he was trying to decide at 30 whether to go back to Harvard to teach, he wrote down the arguments on either side; and he concluded that if he were to return to Cambridge, "at 35 I expect to be pretty much the same alive, contagious boy, with the advantage of definite disciplined, stimulated thinking along the lines that will have to be tackled more and more with definiteness, concreteness, full knowledge of implications, etc." At 80, at 90, Justice Frankfurter will still – like his friend Holmes – be "much the same alive, contagious boy."

Off-Shore Ownership

When news of the Supreme Court's decision in the off-shore oil case reached Texas last week, Governor Price Daniel declared a half-holiday for all state employees. He and Texas had something to celebrate, for in upholding the state's claim to a boundary 10.5 miles beyond the shoreline the Court was not dealing in nickels and dimes. At the time the Submerged Lands Act on which the Texas claim is based was under debate in 1953, the *Houston Post* reported a survey by 18 geologists estimating that the gas, oil and sulphur resources off Texas' shores alone are worth $80 billion.

In 1953 Congress was intent on fulfilling Eisenhower's 1952 campaign pledge to approve a bill that "recognizes the traditional concept of state ownership of these submerged lands." Congress, determined to overturn the 1947 Supreme Court decision holding that the federal government had "paramount rights" to all submerged coastal lands, rejected proposals to keep the lands in federal hands and to turn off-shore oil royalties over to the states for educational purposes, on the basis of school-age population. An estimated $61 billion of potential royalties thus was lost to the children of the 35 states lacking tidelands resources.

The principle the 83rd Congress laid down was plain – all coastal states would have clear title to 3.5 miles of off-shore lands, and those Gulf Coast States which could prove that their historic boundaries once went much further out could have up to 10.5 miles. But at that point Congress threw up its hands and passed the responsibility for defining those boundaries to the courts, with only the vague direction that it meant boundaries "as they existed at the time a state became a member of the Union, or as heretofore approved by the Congress." Now seven years later the Supreme Court has drawn the line. And if the line wavers it is largely because the task the Court was given was properly the legislature's. A majority of the Justices' reading of dim history is that Texas and Florida, having adequate historical "proof" to offer, own 10.5 miles of the submerged lands beyond their shores – Alabama, Louisiana and Mississippi lack proof and own only 3.5 miles.

The 1848 treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo ending the Mexican War carried the day for Texas. It defined the US-Mexican border as running along the Rio Grande and three leagues (10.5 miles) from its mouth into the Gulf of Mexico. The fact that Congress ratified the treaty amounted to federal acceptance of that boundary, the majority ruled. Florida succeeded in winning 10.5 miles too because foresighted Confederates stuck into the new state constitution adopted after the Civil War a provision for a three-league boundary at sea. Although it is unlikely that Congress consciously approved this provision in readmitting Florida to the Union, technically it did, and Florida is seven-undersea miles richer thereby.

Alabama, Louisiana and Mississippi, having flunked the historical test, will now appeal their case to Congress where purely political arguments are accepted in evidence. But the spirit of 1953 has faded, and it is hard to believe that Congress can be persuaded to relinquish still more of the public domain to the states.

The Economic Weather

The economic outlook is cloudy. Some parts of the sky are clearing; elsewhere it looks like rain or is just plain wet. Insured unemployment, for instance, is dropping more than seasonally but is still some 250,000 higher than a year ago. The rate of insured unemployment is 4.3 percent, as compared with 3.7 percent last year at this time. Thirty-five of the country's major areas now have at least 6 percent of their labor force unemployed. Construction activity is running along a straight line rather than moving up, and housing starts, at an annual rate of 1.1 million, are about midway between the worst and the best levels of recent years.

The big uncertainties of the moment are caused by the contrast between the buoyancy of final demand, and the slackness that shows earlier along the chain of production. Thus, new car sales during the first 20 days of May were the best since 1955; department store sales in May, though down from April (when people bought things they didn't buy in March because of bad weather) are still at high levels. At the same time, the consumer price index in April rose to a new record of 126.2 on a base of 1947-49 = 100, mostly because of rises in the cost of foods. The purchasing power of weekly take-home factory pay declined below that of last year.

What has been attracting most attention, however, is steel production, scheduled at 61.9 percent of capacity for the week ending June 4. While it is true that in 1958, the production rate was below 60 percent through most of the year until August, and dropped below 50 percent in April, the current figure is not a sign of vigorous economic growth.

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Watch Out, Someone's Thinking!

Some observers have found it odd that while the echoes of the crash of the Summit conference were still reverberating, the Republican big guns opened up not, as you might expect, on the front-running Democratic candidate but on a man who, technically, is not even in the race. They blasted Adlai Stevenson, with only a snap shot or two at Senator John F. Kennedy.

But there was a reason and it showed up conspicuously in Stevenson's speech at Chicago last Wednesday. His speech contained an innocent-looking suggestion that conceals a cluster of barbed hooks. Stevenson said, "Instead of always worrying about what Russia will do next, let's concentrate on what we can do next."

What's wrong with that? Nothing, apparently. Everything, in reality. For the crafty Democrat from Libertyville spotted and neatly blocked the obvious way out for Republican orators. That exit is the simple question, "Well, what would you suggest?" But it is closed, because Stevenson told them. He outlined five steps that we might take, all of them easy to understand and none involving any departure from time-tested American principles.

To detect the hook in this it is not necessary to believe that Stevenson has solved the problem of the cold war. It is necessary only to note that his five steps are all apparently feasible; for when any feasible program is suggested, it is necessary to explain why it has not been adopted. A convincing explanation does not come to mind at once. It requires thought – and there's the rub! For as one does not gather figs from thistles, one may not reasonably expect thought of the Eisenhower Administration.

Not long after that Administration took over it was suggested in this place that it might end by meriting the comment that a Republican wheelhorse of many years ago made upon President Harding: "Warren lacks mentality." It was a good guess. Not many of the errors that have brought the country into its present embarrassing position can be laid to wickedness. From Charles E. Wilson's failure to conform to the law before presenting himself to take office down to the bungling of the spy plane affair, nearly all have been attributable to sheer lack of thinking, not evil intentions.

Unfortunately, that is a most difficult error to point out effectively to the voters. In 1956 Adlai Stevenson tried in vain; and he wouldn't have much chance today were it not for the fact that events at Paris speak more eloquently than he can – and he is probably the best political speaker now in practice. The catch in it is that by the time lack of mentality has been demonstrated by events the damage is done and what we have on our hands is a repair job, not construction.

Stevenson's insistence on calling attention to this is driving the Administration into the very form of activity to which it is least adapted – cerebration. No wonder it is resented, for it is far more deadly than all the charges of influence peddling, of subservience to Big Business, and of demagogic encouragement of McCarthyism; for mere venality hits the country only in the pocketbook, whereas inability or unwillingness to exercise the brain cells comes under a far more sinister rule – "where there is no vision the people perish."

It follows that knocking off the front-runner, Kennedy or any other, is far less important than silencing this fellow who keeps yelling for precisely what the Administration can't supply. For though there may be a rational explanation of why we have not taken Adlai's five steps, the fact that we have taken no steps at all is inexplicable.

Stevenson, in fact, has done no more than present the converse of Walt Mason's philosophy: "O human head! Majestic box! O wondrous can, from labels free! If man is craving fame or rocks, he'll get them if he uses thee!" *Per contra* if man or nation consistently refuses to use the "majestic box" what it will get is not what it is craving. Witness the United States of America that, eight years after the cease-fire in Korea, is still saddled with cold war, which it certainly did not crave.

If this point can be driven home, it will not matter much – from the Republican standpoint – who the Democratic candidate may be, for the Democrats could win with Mencken's Chinaman. Therefore this point must be blunted at any cost. Never mind Kennedy, or Johnson, or Symington, or any other avowed candidate. Get the man who may not be running, but is ruining every Republican prospect. Get Stevenson!

From the standpoint of conventional politics they are probably right, but even so a doubt lingers. Is conventional politics practical politics in 1960? This deponent sayeth not.

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MR. KHRUSHCHEV'S ASTONISHING THREE-HOUR HARANGUE

The Sense of Inferiority

Paris

Two weeks have passed since Mr. Khrushchev held 2,500 people stupefied for almost three hours at the Palais de Chaillot; yet I still have not recovered from the experience. I have been privileged to hear Tito and Bourguiba, Nasser and Nehru, Mohammed V and de Gaulle, Eisenhower and Ben Gurion; none of them evoked a comparable reaction.

The most striking feature of this press conference was the impression one got of a person who feels he has been humiliated. Here is an immense land, a "colossus," as Mr. K would put it, a nation pushing forward economically and scientifically, equipped with a terrifying army, emerging from a spectacular propaganda victory, enjoying in contrast to all other nations an extraordinary advance in nuclear weapons and interplanetary space vehicles – in short, a nation not only in the mainstream but at the very head of history. Yet the representative of this nation displays all the aggressiveness of the weak, the surliness of one who feels inferior, the resentment of one who has been humiliated. He is unable to master himself; if there are a few boos from the audience, he responds with crass insults. If the electric current breaks down, he screams that he is being sabotaged. If tension begins to ease off, he cries out. He is able to rally the five first rows, filled with Soviet officialdom; he evokes a laugh from Mr. Vinogradov, his ambassador in Paris. But he seeks in vain for a reassuring gesture from Marshal Malinovsky. After a lyric extolling of the glories of the socialist creed and the Soviet army, in which his whole attitude shows his expectation of an enthusiastic reaction, because he has gesticulated, perspired, shouted, played the injured one – after all this, he turns to the Marshal, a massive and taciturn figure, who looks at him in such a way that one cannot tell whether his glance is one of disavowal or of bovine apathy.

Mr. K does not hesitate to remind us that the Americans apologized to Cuba when one of their planes flew over Cuban territory, but he adds that of course the Cubans are a Western people, and that apologies are not enough for the Soviet people. When he speaks of American imperialism he uses the parlance of a former victim of colonialism. He makes perfectly clear his belief that it is not so much Communism as such the United States finds irritating, but rather the barbaric and inferior Russian people. The interpreter, either on purpose or through incompetence, toned down certain snarling remarks, but the French newspaperman next to me, who knew Russian, literally interpreted sentences impregnated with a sense of humiliation. How astonishing! How is it that Khrushchev's French and Western representatives have failed to tell him that the Russia of today was on its way to gaining universal acceptance? On the eve of this press conference, I had had lunch with one of my nephews who is preparing for entrance in a Polytechnic Institute at a prep school in Paris where the student body is known to be ideologically unsympathetic to Communism. Yet he told me that the dream of all his fellow students, without exception, was to pass their examinations and engage in scientific research in the USSR. But, I reminded him, all your friends must come from rather conservative families. To which he replied: "We aren't looking at this from the political viewpoint; we are thinking of our future." All the Soviet Union has to do to be a strong pole of attraction is simply let itself go on living. How can one explain the fact that its administrators are not convinced of this themselves?

Of course I am thoroughly familiar with the long history of the encirclement complex, consciously cultivated by Stalin for domestic reasons, and which certain segments of the Soviet Communist Party would like to revive. I am also familiar with other interpretations. But when confronted by Mr. K, all such explanations seem inadequate.

There he stands: short, squat, with foreshortened and expressive arms, an overdeveloped torso such as one sees in dwarfed persons and midgets, the sour smile of someone who is overfull from a too heavy meal, his glance sly and shifty, and his whole body heavily set either to conquer or to convince. A thousand times he repeats that he was born in a poor family. A thousand times he alludes, through primitive figures of speech, to his childhood as a difficult one but governed by the good horse sense of the peasant class. A public person quickly becomes a public personage. Mr. K has elected to be a Danubian peasant who speaks his piece to the aristocrats. But the comedy is shrill and overdone. This is the millionaire who, for purposes of expediency, dons the ragged costume of his origins. Khrushchev is no longer a peasant. He is obviously better informed, subtler, shrewder, in a word, more civilized than the Ukrainians whom he claims as his own in order to appear one of the "people." When it serves his purpose, he lays stress on his childhood as might a Negro who is in the wrong (this does happen) and who, as a last-

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ditch argument, says to his white interlocutor: ". . . In any case, we will never come to an understanding, because you are white and I am black" – this in the same manner as a Jewish schoolboy who fails in class and concludes that the teacher is anti-Semitic.

And this is why some of us were so distressed. To have the reflexes of a humiliated man when one is in reality the most powerful, amounts to putting others at the mercy of your personal problems. Thus, in Chekhov's *The Cherry Orchard*, a *nouveau-riche* muzhik, frustrated to find that no matter what he does he can never be part of the aristocracy, decides to buy the property of his former masters, now impoverished, in order to avenge what he believes to be his inferiority; while all the time the nobility itself is intent upon the need for equality.

No doubt it is dangerous to view politics in terms of psychology, and I realize full well that often Khrushchev seemed to be speaking over our heads and directly to his army. Often we thought we heard him say, as though he were indulging in a session of self-criticism: "I apologize, Comrades, Marshal, Fellow Members of the Politburo, Comrades in China; I was wrong about Eisenhower; it was you who were right, and I must do an about-face." Nevertheless, Mr. Khrushchev's character is of decisive importance today; on it and on our reaction to it much may depend. For example, as heard in Paris, the pronouncements of Sen. John Kennedy were not satisfactory. In the eyes of people who were most critical of Eisenhower's policies and those of the State Department and of the Pentagon; in the eyes of persons most favorably inclined toward Mr. Kennedy, the fact that he is reported to have said that in Ike's place, he would have apologized to Khrushchev, seemed demagogic. A distinguished Leftist Government official told me that Stevenson would never have made such comments! It was not that this official was opposed to possible, later apologies, but that there are certain moments in history, and particularly certain moments in Western history, when a bipartisan attitude such as one finds in Great Britain is a necessity, even during a Presidential campaign.

For in Khrushchev we are confronted by a man who is certainly a force for progress in his own country, but who has shown a temperament which requires the West, in dealing with him, to reassure him – and yet to do this without weakening. The error is to do as Eisenhower did at Camp David, and make promises which one cannot keep. But the worst error of all, once the mistake has been made, is to accuse oneself to the point where one loses the respect of his adversary.

JEAN DANIEL

"NOT SO MUCH TYRANNICAL AS PURITANICAL"

Why Guinea Looks East

Conakry

What to think about Guinea is one thing; *how* to think about Guinea is another. Two weeks of steady conversations in this new West African state, including talks with its President, Sekou Touré, the President of its National Assembly, Saifoulaye Diallo, and Sekou's influential half-brother Ismael Touré, have left me perplexed about where Guinea is going, but convinced that we do not yet have the right vocabulary for discussing the mentality of its leaders.

Guinea is a police state in the sense that the police department is the only one which works well – some will tell you that it is the only one which works at all. I was questioned carefully by the police at the airport of Conakry, Guinea's capital; my French West African currency was confiscated and changed to new Guinea francs before I could be admitted to the country; my passport spent 12 hours in the Conakry police station.

Mail is censored, probably to stop illegal currency transfers. Most important of all, "comrades" are encouraged to report evidences of corruption or disloyalty. Residents, including whites, are occasionally picked up by the police on hearsay evidence and held for some hours, once in a while for a few days. There have been purges of those suspected of plotting against the state. But there is no comprehensive reign of terror.

The regime is not so much tyrannical as puritanical. It works long hours. Daily it sweeps the leaves off the red dirt under its mango shade trees (though for several months it permitted an old lady, naked from the waist up, to camp under a tree in front of the Palais du Justice in the center of town; she was removed for the recent Afro-Asian Peoples' Solidarity Conference). It has publicly executed men convicted of stealing. The result: a sharp drop in theft and corruption.

Puritanism derives from conviction and necessity. After Guinea opted for immediate independence in the French referendum of September, 1958, France pulled out almost all her civil servants. These made up almost

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three-fourths of Guinea's government personnel. What remained were Ministries understaffed and undertrained. The regime had to make up in zeal what it lacked in numbers and experience. More important, the ideology of the new regime is puritanical to the core. It seeks a new society. It will dignify labor – by force if need be. Sekou Touré has promised: "We will give the order and from thenceforth . . . no man will spend 24 hours under the veranda. We will be the first African government to institute forced labor, I say it publicly. . . . Within a year, one will no longer run into a thousand idle people in the streets . . . chatting from morning till night. Within 6 months one will no longer meet the young Guinea girl, torso bare, carrying a couple of bananas on a tray and seeking business as a prostitute."

This is a response to one of the most vexing problems of the backward, traditional societies of many parts of Africa where it is estimated that each worker supports 10 who do not work and where the absence of winter means that men are not provident, do not husband their resources, neither save nor build against the future.

Guinea's new Three Year Plan calls for an expenditure of $120 million. Of this, one fifth is to come, not from capital investment, but from what is innocently called "human investment," or "labor contributed by the population." The figure was arrived at on the assumption that 70 percent of the entire population (which is only 2.5 million) can work – and will be made to work. This is an extraordinarily high figure. President Touré is deadly serious when he speaks of "forced labor" though one wonders how much force can usefully be applied. If you press too hard on the "veranda boys" and the "thousand idle people," they will disappear into the bush. If you press harder still they will fade across the frontiers into Sierra Leone, Liberia or the Ivory Coast. With a sparse population and without the ability to close a long frontier, the creation of a real police state is difficult to imagine.

President Touré speaks occasionally of liberty and democracy. But there is amazingly little pretense in this regime. Liberty seems to apply to "the collective action of a people," not so much to individuals. Democracy means that the people collectively, instinctively, mystically favor the regime. ". . . It was the people itself that formed the 'totalitarian determination of our action'," Touré has said. "Only the Party must direct the State." The Party standing at the pinnacle of all organizations and blending into itself not only the Government but the State as well – this is the ideology of Guinea. It is a response to a decentralized, splintered traditional society, to tribal frictions and jealousies, and to the desire to move, and move fast.

The problem of Guinea, and indeed many post-colonial states, is that the logical process of development has been reversed. First comes nationalism, an emotional-intellectual ferment among a small élite. Second comes independence. Third comes what should have come first: the building of something like a national society to go with the newly-won juridic status of nationhood. An illiterate, primitive, isolated people must be wrenched in one great effort from the Late Stone Age into the 20th Century. Will this centralized effort consume itself, or create hazards greater than those it seeks to overcome? For the moment, this is irrelevant. The effort will be made.

Is Guinea Communist?

During my stay in Guinea, the Party convened a major conference at the interior town of Kankan. Its purpose: to approve the new Guinea Three Year Plan. The spirit of the conference was extremist; it looked as if Guinea in one blow might shatter the private sector of the economy and link itself irrevocably with the Communist bloc. This did not happen and largely, according to competent observers, because of Touré's argumentative skill. Observers also noted that the conference was no rubber-stamp affair. It engaged in real discussion and took real decisions.

Is Guinea Communist? Despite the retreat from the brink of the Communist abyss at Kankan, there is much evidence to support the assertion, heard increasingly in this part of the world, that Guinea has slipped over the edge. Estimates of the numbers of Eastern European technical assistants in Conakry varies from 100 to 150. Virtually every Ministry has some Czech advisers.

Hungarians are organizing football. Prague is running a school for police. Part of the $35 million Soviet loan, according to recent announcements, will be put toward the construction of a Polytechnic Institute, the erection of a number of government buildings, the improvement of the railway and the airport, the construction of a stadium seating 25,000 and two large hotels.

Communist China will soon start a large demonstration scheme in rice culture which may bring several hundred Chinese into the country. Guinea bananas are exchanged for Hungarian buses and Skoda (Czech) trucks. More than 50 percent of Guinea's trade is now committed to the East and the percentage will continue to rise sharply if Guinea and France fail to settle their financial differences growing out of Guinea's recent withdrawal from the franc currency zone.

Guinea increasingly is sending its students to the East to pick up generous scholarships offered by Communist governments. Thirty-seven are now in the USSR (four times that number if you count the people sent for short-term technical training); 30 in East Germany; 20 in Czechoslovakia; 15 in Poland; 7 in Hungary; and 7 in Bulgaria.

Despite all this, my conclusion is that Guinea has not "gone Communist," and that it may be neither accurate nor wise to talk about Guinea's leaders as "Commu-

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nists." At his press conference of November 10, 1959, de Gaulle revealed the prevailing French view when he said: ". . . at the time of the decision [to become independent] she was already in effect a democratic popular republic." This is a euphemism for a Communist state. "If you insist Guinea is Communist," Touré once said, "that settles it."

Just as there are no real pro-West forces in Guinea, there are probably very few, if any, doctrinaire Communists in the sense that they wish to see Guinea become a satellite of the USSR. The situation actually is not that simple. The point is that there are profound forces at work which make the East appear more attractive, and less dangerous than the West.

The Appeal of the East

Some of these forces are historical, thus the animus against Western colonialism which is nowhere more violent or bitter than in Guinea. At the opening of the recent Afro-Asia Peoples' Solidarity Conference held in Conakry, Touré said with emphasis: "We have a right to ask which are the nations that have reduced us to our present state of destitution and which are the nations which, by their obliging consent or their assumed indifference, have permitted us to become oppressed peoples, plundered nations?"

The animus is focused of course on the French Government which, following the referendum, pulled out of Guinea with a maximum of speed and a minimum of tact. With most of her aid from France thus cut off, with a serious deficit in her trade balance and a consequent shortage of foreign exchange, and either unwilling or unable to draw upon the foreign exchange pool of the franc zone, Guinea's situation was desperate. America and Britain procrastinated out of deference to their French ally, and in stepped the Eastern countries with offers of barter trade (bananas for trucks) which required no foreign exchange and no red tape.

But the predisposition toward the East runs deeper than this. Guinea's leaders have been schooled in left-wing labor groups. They are Marxian socialists. More important still, Guinea seeks a centralized society, a monolithic party, a state-directed economy – all in response to the way in which Guinea understands her own problem of overcoming the fragmentation and stagnation of a primitive society. Where does she find relevant models? Not in the opulent, libertarian societies of the West, but in the disciplined, directed, regimented East. Indeed, the most pertinent example is puritanical, bootstrap-lifting China. To the New China News Agency, Touré once said: "The People of Africa have infinite sympathy, I will say even admiration, for the Chinese people whose efforts are followed here with enormous attention."

The distinction I am urging may appear meaningless. What difference does it make if Guinea is "Communist" or not? They are doing business with the Communists; they welcome Communist help; they are rapidly moving toward the East.

All this is true. But there is a second fact, too often overlooked, and it represents our only hope in Guinea. It is that Sekou Touré, who is a Marxian socialist, is also an Africanist. Indeed, he is first an African and second a Marxist. He knows that his ambitions as an African leader are forfeited the moment Guinea loses all initiative of action to the East. This makes Touré somewhat more moderate than many of his associates.

Though the evidence is not yet altogether encouraging, Touré may not refuse certain life-lines to the West to protect his position of "positive neutrality." We cannot anchor Guinea on our side of the harbor, but we may be able to prevent her drifting to the Soviet side.

Our policy ought to develop from three points. First, we ought not allow ourselves to be immobilized by our dislike of the political, social and economic strategies now developing in Guinea. This mind-set is not limited to Guinea, though it is exaggerated there. Senegal's Mamadou Dia speaks of social revolution and talks favorably of human investment, as has Patrice Lumumba of the Belgian Congo. The Sudan, Guinea's neighbor to the north, is controlled by a party almost as Prussian in its outlook as that of Guinea. In Ghana, where there is openly-expressed concern over the drift of events in Guinea, there is also envy of the smartly organized and disciplined Guinean Democratic Party and its satellite labor and youth organizations.

Second, we must try to sell in Guinea the principle of diversified dependence. The newly-independent states, which must depend on the outside world for their expertise, their development capital, and education for their cadres, can protect their freedom of action only if they do not depend too much on any one source. The object of our aid ought not be to replace the East, which now cannot be done, but to make it possible for Guinea to broaden the base of its dependence.

Finally we must be willing to work within the limits of Guinea's quite irrational suspicions. Our complex ICA agreements, with their fine type and numerous clauses, arouse distrust especially when help from the East comes in the form of simple accords which are concluded and signed in a matter of hours. Heretofore we have asked for diplomatic immunity for our technical assistance personnel. The East has not. Hypersensitive nationalists in Guinea wonder why.

There is recent evidence that we are indeed adopting a more flexible policy in aid offers to Guinea. How the Government of Guinea responds to these overtures, as well as to the United Nations' efforts to implement technical assistance agreements signed months ago, very well might tell the story of Guinea's future.

ROBERT C. GOOD

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Frank R. Kent

The Press and Mr. Coolidge

In the August, 1924, American Mercury, *the late political correspondent of the* Baltimore Sun *(and one-time "TRB" of this journal) anticipated a later era by telling how newsmen cover up for a President.*

One of the most remarkable phenomena of political life in this country is the curious conspiracy among newspaper reporters to keep from the people the facts about public men. It is a witless policy, but newspapermen all over America consistently and unconsciously follow it. There is nothing deliberate about it. Unplanned and unpremeditated, they have been at it for generations and not its least interesting feature is their utter inability to realize what they are doing, or why or how. But the failure of the journalist to grasp the facts is no more complete than that of the public. Between them, a sorry but thorough botch of this business of mirroring and measuring public men is made. To it is directly attributable the climb, or crawl, of thousands of absurd little fellows from small offices into large ones. To it is largely due the continuance in public life of the fakes, frauds and fools who wield power in our city, state and national governments. It clothes insignificance with the glamor of greatness, permits hypocrisy to hide behind a screen, transforms illiteracy into learning, makes the immoral appear moral, the ignorant informed, the weak strong, the unstable firm. It is a great game of pretense in which, with rare exceptions, the newspaperman, whether he covers local politics at the county seat or national politics at Washington, earnestly, instinctively, systematically, but, in the main, without conscious intent, works to protect the public official, to magnify his good qualities, to minimize his defects, to praise in him whatever lends itself to praise, and to supply something to praise when there is a complete void.

Where the system reaches its apex, of course, is with the President of the United States. Of him, it is not only difficult, it is practically impossible for the people as a whole to get a clear view. Almost from the beginning every President has been more or less protected by the Washington correspondents. The flat truth has been sent out about none of them. The real man is never pictured. Always he is painted a little prettier than he is. Always the favorable aspect is stressed, the flaws and failings minimized or ignored, even by the men who represent papers that are politically hostile. Partly this is due to the influences and traditions I have just described, partly it is due to the inherent respect for the office that makes even the oldest and most cynical journalist step softly as he enters the Presidential presence, and partly it is due to the feeling that something dreadful may happen to you if you write the undiluted truth about the White House occupant. For one thing, it would be regarded as unclubby by the other correspondent, as a serious breach of etiquette if not an actual breach of confidence, as cruel, unethical, bolshevistic. Beside, these fellows have become so accustomed to a certain sort of soft-pedalling that the presentation of a White House situation exactly as it is would seem to them exaggerated, unjustified and untrue. Then, too, it is the natural desire of every Washington correspondent to have a good personal standing at the White House. He is flattered if the President knows him by name. He wants to be well regarded by the Presidential secretary, the White House staff, the Secret Service men, the members of the Cabinet. Their ill will, he thinks, is a liability to be avoided.

This has been the attitude of the correspondents toward most Presidents, but not in the memory of any one now living has there been a President who leaned so heavily on this newspaper tendency to praise and protect, who profited by it so much, who would shrivel so quickly if he lost it, as Calvin Coolidge.

This is the man who became President last August. He is exactly the same man today that he was before. He has gained neither in mental range nor in moral strength. He is the identical Coolidge whom his party leaders a year ago thought too weak and nondescript to run again for the Vice Presidency. Now he is their candidate for the Presidency. It sounds like a joke, but it is not.

The answer is of course publicity – not merely the well-directed publicity of the Republican National Committee, which promptly jumped in to put over by every agency it could command, including the telephone-controlled radio and the movies, the "wise, strong, silent man" legend, but the even more effective publicity of the Washington correspondents, the feature writers and the periodical publicists. In those first few months the country was drenched with Coolidge

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propaganda, every word of it friendly, favorable, helpful. No man ever had a better press. Democratic as well as Republican papers endowed him with virtues and qualities that as Vice President everybody in Washington knew he lacked – and laughed about. By the time Congress met in December, the legend had been well established. But from that day the utter futility of Mr. Coolidge, his lack of decision and force, his inability to command or persuade, have been increasingly apparent. Up to the adjournment of Congress last June, there was not a single day when, if the full and exact truth had been told about him, he would not have been revealed as a rattled and ridiculous person who would have been less out of place as a county judge than he was as President of the United States. To every close observer it has been clear that instead of a wise, strong, silent man in the White House what we really have there is a . . . man who is as close to complete futility as any man in his position can ever get.

To every person near enough to see the facts, this is plain, but not to the general public. . . . Unquestionably there is about him a certain political foxiness which is partly instinct and partly the result of long training. All he has to do is to settle down behind the protective screen of the newspaper conference and let the correspondents exercise their natural instinct for praise and protection. That is what they have been doing twice a week for the last year – greatly to the gain of Mr. Coolidge. . . . He has had to deal with a sympathetic set of fellows eager to be more than fair to him – and that is exactly what they have been – a great deal more than fair. . . .

What he says is mostly noncommittal, neutral, evasive. To many questions he replies that he has no exact information on the subject but expects to have it shortly, or that he is informed some department has the matter in hand and is handling it in a satisfactory manner. Even when his replies are definite, which is rare, they are flat and meatless. While Congress was in session he would say in reply to a question about a proposed bill that certain features of it did not seem to him desirable, and then to a second question, that whether or not he would sign it if passed was a matter he had not yet decided.

That seems pretty thin material for a story. It seems flat and colorless, but by the time the correspondents have injected their own vigor into those pale and anemic utterances, it emerges very different. Next morning you find not only in Republican newspapers like the *New York Herald-Tribune*, but in Democratic papers like the *New York World* and the *Baltimore Sun*, that "the White House today took a firm stand against the coalition in the Senate which is trying," etc., that "those close to President Coolidge know he proposes to use every ounce of his influence to prevent the passage," etc. that "the President is thoroughly aroused over the amendments to the bill and will vigorously oppose its passage," that "a White House spokesman today indicated the line had been sharply drawn between the President and Congress and that if the Senate adopts the publicity amendments it will only be after the stiffest sort of fight by the Administration." That was the sort of stuff that day after day went out from Washington and appeared on the first pages of Democratic as well as Republican papers all over the country. The beneficent effect on Mr. Coolidge's political prospects was immense.

The weak and watery utterances of a passive and pallid little man, torn by indecision and doubt, become the forceful and vigorous talk of a red-blooded, resolute, two-fisted, fighting executive, thoroughly aroused and determined. But that is not all. The day following the appearance of the dispatches indicating that the fighting blood of the President is up, you find in the same newspapers editorials which tell you that "President Coolidge is standing like a stone wall against the vicious combination in the Senate which, etc." and that "the people of the country are solidly back of the President in his splendid fight, etc.," and that "at no time has the President shown to better advantage than in his unyielding and determined attitude toward the efforts of the disloyal members of his own party who, etc."

When the President gave tongue to the words about regarding certain features of the proposed bill as undesirable and followed that by saying he did not know what he would do with the bill if it were passed, that was exactly as far as his thought and feeling went. He had no ideas beyond that point. He had not the remotest notion that he was "fighting" Congress. Nor was there anything in his tone, manner or appearance to indicate he meant to fight. In fact, at the moment, he probably looked less like a fighting man than anyone in America outside an Old Ladies' Home. But the friendly correspondents made him a fighting man because that was what he ought to have been under the circumstances. That was the natural attitude for a President to take and there was just enough material in what he said to enable them to see that, publicly, he did not fall short of it. . . .

Newspapermen who have regularly attended these Coolidge conferences from the start will tell you they are the most uninspiring, uninteresting, deadly dull affairs of the kind ever known in Washington, that it is extremely hard to get anything out of them worth writing, that you have to strain yourself to do it. In the year that they have been held, twice every week, no one who has been in attendance can recall a single word from Mr. Coolidge that sparkled or glowed or indicated any force, feeling, grasp or spirit. It has been amazing that a man could be so long, so consistently and so unqualifiedly dull. But that is not the picture the country gets. That cannot be written. It is not news.

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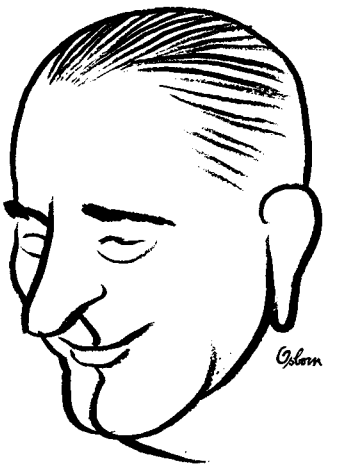
THE FUTURE IN SEARCH OF A CANDIDATE

"Speakin' iv pollyticks," said Mr. Hennessy, "who d'ye think'll be ilicted?" "After lookin' th' candydates over," said Mr. Dooley, "an' studyin' their qualifications carefully, I can't thruthfully say that I see a prisidintial possibility in sight." Lyndon Johnson can, and with the following study, The New Republic *begins its detailed examination of three active candidates for the Democratic nomination – Johnson, Symington and Kennedy. In a fourth and concluding article, Mr. Harrison will discuss some major criteria for comparing candidates in 1960.*



Lyndon Johnson's World

by Selig S. Harrison

"Tell me," said a Washington newsman, accosting Lyndon Johnson in the Statler lobby, "in the early days of the New Deal you were thought of as a liberal – why do people now call you a reactionary?"

"Because I'm from below the Mason-Dixon line and you think we all have tobacco juice on our shirts," Johnson replied.

The same Lyndon Johnson who stalked back to the banquet hall that night in January, 1959, is now roving the country for Democratic Convention delegates, intent as never before on winning acceptance as a national leader who has risen above the limits of section and even party – a man, as he says, "in whom the people can have confidence of a capacity to bring all elements of the nation together." Few things annoy him more than being written off as a prisoner of oil and gas or because (in spite of the Civil Rights Acts of 1957 and 1960) it is asserted that Harlem won't take his drawl. In large measure, as we shall see, his resentment appears justified. It is one thing, however, to say that he is his own man, an imposing man, and that he would be a "national" President; it is another to go on from this to assume he has the breadth and vision, the sensitivity to the outside world, of an international statesman.

What Johnson is – and isn't – has relatively little to do with the formal record. His public performance as Senator and Majority Leader has been predictable. Though he has shown notable independence (*Congressional Quarterly* found that he had at most a 40 percent "Southern" voting record on key North-South roll call divisions in 1959), he has behaved on the really critical occasions as a Texas Senator and an ally of the Southern bloc which made him Leader. But no particular purpose is served in cataloguing how "Texan" or how "Southern" he has been, for this does not necessarily tell us the way he would behave in a new political setting, answerable to a new, national constituency.

The most striking discovery one makes in examining the Johnson history is how little he has changed. Unlike Kennedy – whose political coloration is not at all what it was 10 years ago, as a later article will show – Johnson seems to have been from the beginning more or less what he is today. He took his seat in the House in 1937 as a protègè of Franklin Roosevelt, but that does not mean that he was a sort of Pedernales Valley Felix Frankfurter, attracted to FDR's Washington as a center of intellectual ferment. He was a young political natural on the make who had nailed his flag squarely to the mast of what was, after all, the national government then in power. (Johnson's entry into politics came after the most perfunctory education: it took considerable family pressure to get him signed up at Southwest Texas State Teachers College.)

Arriving in Washington as secretary to a Texas Congressman in 1931, Johnson found in the Roosevelt Administration the patronage base on which he was to build his later career. As Texas Administrator for the National Youth Administration (1935-37) he had 30,000 jobs and scholarships to hand out. His political baptism came at a time when nearly the whole Texas Democratic Establishment was pro-Roosevelt and pro-New Deal. In the middle thirties Texas was still an

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agricultural state with an old-fashioned Populist distrust of Wall Street. High interest, profiteering in freight and utilities rates and high tariffs that got in the way of the overseas cotton trade, were all part of a demonology the Texans in Washington shared in common with more cerebral New Dealers – former Interior Undersecretary Abe Fortas or Justice William O. Douglas – who remain Johnson's good friends today.

Sam Rayburn co-sponsored the first REA legislation with George Norris, and Johnson fought hard to get public power into his impoverished Tenth District. But Johnson's commitment to the New Deal was never much more than the commitment of a "public power liberal" whose social conscience was stung by the needs of his home-state constituents. Nor has he pretended otherwise. William S. White, then of *The New York Times*, found Johnson literally in tears in a Capitol corridor on the day after Roosevelt's death. Describing him as "a typical representative of a hundred formerly obscure men whose leap into national prominence had been immeasurably aided by the President's paternal coaching," he quoted fulsome tributes which were conspicuously personal – "He was just like a daddy to me always" – and only in the fuzziest sense tributes to a political philosophy – "The only test he had was this: Was it good for the folks?"

Interviewed on April 23, 1947, Johnson told an Associated Press reporter that "the term 'New Dealer' is a misnomer. I believed then and I still believe in many of the causes Roosevelt backed. That includes development of water power and other natural resources. I believe in the REA and think all-weather roads should be built to every farmhouse. But I believe in free enterprise and I don't believe in the government doing anything that the people can do privately."

Neutralizing the Opposition

The death of Roosevelt coincided with the passing of the agrarian Texas and the first political stirrings of the war-born new rich. Oil and vast industrial complexes shot up almost overnight. In 1930 Dallas was still a politically inert cotton and wholesalers' town. By the end of the war it was the financial hub of a burgeoning Southwest, and the Dallas banks, utilities and insurance companies (whose influence reaches out through loans to oil) had become the nexus of Texas politics. When one goes to Texas now one soon senses that the flamboyant power of lone wolf political cranks like H. L. Hunt is grossly inflated, and that too little importance is attached to the monolithic role played in the politics of each of the major Texas cities – and even as between, let us say, Dallas and Houston and San Antonio – by the economic giants as a group.

"I don't know anywhere else," reflects Judge Ed Clark (all top-flight lawyers are "Judge" in Texas), the jolly Austin lobbyist who acts as Johnson's principal wheeler-dealer at the state Capitol, "where the people of substance have this type of working political relationship to each other. You know, not like it's schemed out, but everybody just gets the idea and they go the same way." The idea and the mood once having been established, the littler fish then swim along – the contractors, the car dealers, the real estate men, the small oil operators. In the new Texas, the new rich band together to shut out all disturbing outside intrusions (labor, federal regulatory power) threatening what has been won. It is in this Texas that the voice of an Allan Shivers, the pro-McCarthy "Eisenhower Democrat" who held the governorship from 1949 to 1956, carries such resonance to the voters.

As Ed Clark and others remember it, Johnson decided rather consciously in the years after Roosevelt's death that he could not reach a commanding position in the Texas political roughhouse without acceptance by the powers in Dallas. In a one-party state the primary is everything; in primaries, the money power and the manipulation of man-to-man deals offer more security than a strong party organization which might fall into the hands of someone else. In those days Johnson had the guidance of the late Alvin Wirtz, a knowing Austin corporation lawyer who became, with his help, a respected New Deal Undersecretary of the Interior. Even more than Rayburn, Wirtz was the young Johnson's tutor. "He could tell Lyndon something was silly," comments Clark. "No one could do that now. He molded him." It was Wirtz who showed Johnson what doors had to be opened to get to the real movers and shakers and, once inside, how much one could avoid giving in explicit promises if one had the natural political style of a Lyndon Johnson.

As Johnson went from his unsuccessful Senate race in 1941 against W. Lee "Pappy" O'Daniel to his 1948 election victory over Coke Stevenson to his bouts for control of the state Democratic machinery, one sees a progressive assertion of independence from the Texas liberal-loyalist Democratic organization and a gradual accommodation with a group of 20-odd influential Dallasites typified by bankers such as Ben Wooten (First National) or Fred Florence (Republic National) and insurance men such as Carr P. Collins (Fidelity Union Life) or, in later years, lawyer Eugene Locke (Equitable Life). To be sure, as we shall see, he also had the heavyweight support dating back to the Thirties of his good friends George and Herman Brown of Houston, multi-millionaire operators in construction, oil and industrial engineering. But he must have seen that it would not do to be owned, politically, by anyone in particular and that the backing of the Brown brothers would not, in any case, assure the neutralization of potential political opposition financed by other interests. It was this neutralization that he was after, and

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the real key to Johnson's political security in Texas today lies in the negative fact that he has convinced almost any potential rival that the levers of power and funds are his to command. He goes just far enough in voting the straight insurance-banking-utilities line to keep the somewhat precarious confidence of the political leadership of Texas finance.

Take away this confidence and he would still have the network of support a furiously hard-working politician builds up simply through years of diligent service. There are farmers in 77 rural electric cooperatives, notably in the Central Texas belt surrounding his old Congressional district, who remember the fight for REA. There are those 30,000 beneficiaries of the NYA. And there are rich (and middling-rich) pro-Johnson cattlemen. But Johnson does not enjoy the warm and dedicated popular following of, say, Sam Rayburn in his own state. It is not "good old Lyndon" so much as "Lyndon? You can't lick the sonofabitch, so you might as well join him."

Who Uses Whom?

Those who have settled for Lyndon Johnson on his own free-wheeling terms include only in a marginal sense the "Petroleum Club crowd." To appreciate this it is necessary to remember that the preoccupation of so many oilmen with politics is recent. It was only with the discovery of the rich East Texas pool in 1931 and the subsequent sprees of wildcatting that the state, through its somewhat confusingly named Railroad Commission, established the "proration" system for conserving and scientifically assaying Texas oil resources. This was the signal for bankers (who had shied away from loans on fields that might soon be dried up) to put risk capital in the hands of prospectors who now had geologically-determined reserves beneath the ground as collateral. The 5,000 or more independent oilmen who spiralled their wealth into some of the country's biggest fortunes in the Thirties and Forties were typically from the back country and disliked the idea of going to anyone for anything, least of all to a politician. "Proration" with its limits on production coupled with the price-cutting impact of foreign oil imports led them to realize their stake in politics. But by the time this realization had dawned Lyndon Johnson was already well-entrenched.

Friends and foes agree, when pressed in private, that the oilmen took so long to get on the Johnson bandwagon that he owes most of them little. "Very few oil people can say they were for Lyndon from the beginning," reflects the thoughtful Jubal R. Parten of the Pure Oil Company, who has supported Texas' Junior Senator Ralph Yarborough (and Adlai Stevenson) in addition to Johnson, and who sits on the board of the Fund for the Republic. Inquiries among some 30 politically knowledgeable Texans led to the same few big oil figures who have been close to Johnson: the late Sid Richardson, James S. Abercrombie, Pat Rutherford and Colonel Parten. (Johnson's former administrative assistant John Connally is a lawyer in the Richardson organization.) The judgment was invariably, as the veteran oil lobbyist and Democratic leader William Kittrell put it, that "they do the proposing, he does the disposing." When Wayne Morse stormed into Texas in 1956, calling for a liberal revival in the state, he exclaimed that "one of your Senators, Price Daniel, speaks for the oil companies, while the other speaks for himself." "Oil never really embraced him," muses Ed Clark, "like banking, ranching and insurance."

This is not to say that Johnson takes any chances. The last time he defied the oil lobby was in 1946 when he was one of two Texas Congressmen to vote against a price control amendment which would have permitted a 25 cent per barrel increase in the ceiling on oil. In 1949, once he had made his peace with Dallas and come to the Senate (with campaign backing from Sid Richardson) he made a dramatic gesture to the Petroleum Club by viciously smearing Leland Olds and blocking his reconfirmation to the Federal Power Commission. He has shielded the 27.5 percent depletion allowance, elbowing out Sen. Paul H. Douglas in 1955 to get a vacancy on the key Finance Committee where he could keep an eye on legislation affecting oil. He has given his all for legislation to exempt natural gas from price regulation at the wellhead.

But what Johnson has done is not only what the oilmen want: it is what the oilmen have convinced the people of Texas that *they* want. So much Texas farm acreage has been leased by the oil and gas companies that even the small farmers identify their interests with oil. Texas' Junior Senator Ralph Yarborough got his strongest support from the liberal-loyalist "Democrats of Texas" (DOT), but Yarborough, who votes with labor and the northern Democrats on most economic issues, mounts no white charger against oil. In February the pro-DOT *Texas Observer* expressed editorial regret that the group's platform, "while proposing discontinuation of the oil depletion allowance on foreign oil imports, remained silent on the same grotesque privilege for the domestic industry."

"The Brown and Root of the Thing"

One big "if" clouds the promise that Johnson could cut loose from oil and gas: His biggest backers are still the Brown brothers of Houston, and the diversified Brown and Root empire includes both vast oil holdings and the Texas Eastern Transmission Company, which operates the Big Inch and Little Inch natural gas pipelines. No one, least of all Herman and George Brown, disputes the intimacy of a personal and political asso-

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ciation dating back to Johnson's NYA days. One of Johnson's political enemies, Franklin Jones of Marshall, is credited with the Texas political axiom that to understand Johnson "you have to get down to the Brown and Root of the thing."

Starting out in 1915, with three mules hooked to a "fresno" pan, the Browns built a name in "dirt work" – paving streets, hauling "fill" to levees, finally graduating to highway construction jobs. When the depression hit him hard, recalls Herman Brown, "I made up my mind that I'd never again be caught in one narrow alley." He spread cash when he had it into oil and an assortment of separate construction enterprises. Today the Browns preside over Brown and Root, "Engineers and Constructors," and 16 associate companies (four of them oil-related). They reach into 20 countries, building steel mills, bridges, dams, power plants, warehouses, petrochemical installations – anything, says a company brochure, "where steel, concrete and machinery are required." *Fortune*, in a 1957 article on the nation's hundred richest men, credited the Browns with "some of the creativeness and flavor of a Carnegie or Jim Hill: the zeal in doing big things with big money," and estimated their worth today near $100 million.

The Brown and Root success story (Root died in the early days of the partnership) does have a 19th Century, empire-builders' flavor. Herman Brown, now 67, a blunt-spoken man, even bears a faint resemblance to Carnegie. But there is the salient distinction that the Browns rocketed into the big time during the war years, when cost-plus defense contracts made it hard for competent firms to go anywhere but up, up, up. There is also the fact that their good friend Lyndon Johnson happened to be on Congressional committees in close touch with most defense contracts.

Johnson's first big assignment was to the Naval Affairs Committee. "He did more than any other one man," says his biographer Booth Mooney in *The Lyndon Johnson Story*, "to bring about the construction in Corpus Christi, Texas, of a tremendous naval air training base. It was his hand that guided the Administration in designating the Texas cities of Houston and Orange as sites for ship-building yards." Opponents of Johnson have tried for years to prove it was his hand also that got for Brown and Root the negotiated Corpus Christi contract; his hand that guided the Administration in designating Brown and Root, its know-how then limited to highways and dams, as producers of 359 destroyer escorts; that it has been Johnson who in one way or another has assured Brown and Root contracts for an ammunition depot at Texarkana, airfields at San Angelo and Matagorda Island and billion-dollar Naval and air bases on Guam and in Spain.

No one has ever proved any such thing. And no one needs to get down to cases in order to conclude that Johnson has been admirably placed to be helpful. Vice Admiral John J. Manning, former Chief of the Navy's Bureau of Yards and Docks and now chairman of the Concrete Industry Board, explains that budget authorization bills for each of the services go first to the appropriate committee – *e.g.* Naval Affairs in Johnson's House days – well before they get to Appropriations, so that "those fellows get the first look at what we're going to do." It is normal for a fellow like Lyndon Johnson to help friends like the Browns "just by telling them what's coming and by speaking to the right people, telling them that they're from Texas, that he knows the relevant factors such as the labor market and the material market." And remember, he adds, "those fellows can make or break you." Did he and others in contract-letting posts know of the Johnson-Brown tie? "Of course, there's no denying that. Everyone knew that Lyndon and Herman were good friends. But don't forget, it was competitive bidding. And they're a first-rate firm. I've even put what little I have into Texas Eastern."

"Lyndon might have told them where the work was," says Jubal Parten, who was close both to Johnson and to the Browns as a director of the Petroleum Administration for War. "That's all."

Herman Brown gets mildly excited and his cheeks turn slightly pink when he is asked about Lyndon and the defense contracts. "Our firm has grown with the country," he begins, recalling strenuous wartime years "sleeping in Pullman cars or on the job two to three years straight, never getting home. You can't grow like we've grown if you don't do the work. Look at Kaiser. They picked him, just like us, because of his ability, and Jesus, how he expanded, it's a natural thing."

The only other subject which seems to generate equal heat is labor. The Browns have played rough to stay on a non-union basis, and Herman points his finger and prophesies that "the whole Congress is going to wake up and put some 'jerk reins' on the unions." Landrum-Griffin doesn't mean a thing – "you have to get them under the antitrust laws, you have to get after their money."

Lyndon Johnson today is himself a man of means (in the name of his wife Lady Bird, the Johnsons operate a radio-TV monopoly in Austin as well as stations in other Texas cities). In his early years, however, notably in the critical 1948 campaign which put him in the Senate, the Browns took full care of the money problem. Business friends who were present in Herman Brown's apartment on two different occasions during the '48 campaign recall his marching back and forth from the telephone, dunning Brown and Root subcontractors at far points around the state, issuing curt ultimatums to recalcitrant victims. "He must have raised $50,000 on that one night," one of them reflects. Herman Brown and Johnson saw each other more often in the old days than they do now, but "we talk and argue

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over the phone," and when Johnson is in Texas they hunt quail at the Browns' south Texas ranch at Falfurrias in Brooks County. George Brown likes Washington social life and has a farm in Middleburg, Virginia, where Johnson is a welcome guest. He was there the night of his 1955 heart attack. "Once in a while" Johnson has used the Brown and Root DC-3, says company pilot Reg Roberts, "when George and I are up there and he's due to come back down anyway."

Johnson can count on Herman Brown for financing his Presidential ambitions, and it is through the Browns, above all others, that he has always been able to channel money to political friends across the country. For example, when Stuart Symington faced his first Senatorial primary in 1952, "I gave him some money and I sent a man down to help him at Lyndon's instigation." But Brown adds that Symington has "very little ability, the least of any of them. I've got a nigger chauffeur who's got more ability than Symington – though maybe I oughtn't to express myself so frankly."

Herman Brown's chauffeur is a clean-cut fellow named Patrick Milton who says he hasn't ever met Symington but does see Lyndon Johnson with Mr. Brown when he is in Houston. "They're real good friends."

The Real Issue

Obviously, Lyndon Johnson has good friends in oil and gas, but the sharpest impression which emerges when one studies the terms of his Texas political support is that he handles the people back home with the same tough flair for command that he uses to cow fellow Senators. He has a way of persuading a Herman Brown, one gathers, that he, Lyndon, knows best, that such and such a pro-oil or anti-labor move would really do the cause more harm than good. This is of course the same approach used on the liberals to persuade them that he is really on their side.

Hunting delegates last month in gas-consuming Pittsburgh, Johnson went out of his way to chide the President for dumping pro-consumer William Connole from the Federal Power Commission. This reporter asked some key gas industry figures, among them spokesmen of one rank or another for the American Petroleum Institute, the Midcontinent Oil and Gas Association, and the Independent Petroleum Association of America, whether Johnson would as President sponsor or even sign a bill to exempt natural gas prices from regulation. Not one failed in the end to say yes. All had a faintly irritated and fishy-eyed look which seemed to say: He will do whatever he wants to do.

Putting Johnson's relations with oil and gas in perspective is the necessary first step in evaluating his Presidential qualifications. The oil barons obscure the real doubt, which is his competence in foreign policy. Reacting, as it were, to the injustice of the oil-gas cliché, some commentators go to the extreme of adopting the Johnson campaign theme that he is the man to sit down with Khrushchev. Thus James Reston wrote on November 25, 1959, that "even his political opponents concede that . . . he would not favor the Texas oil interests if he were President and that . . . in the context of world politics, his gifts as a negotiator with Khrushchev, Macmillan and de Gaulle would serve him perhaps better than those of any other candidate." But are the gifts that make for a skillful negotiator in the Senate cloakroom the gifts required to formulate and direct US foreign policy?

"Perhaps the greatest misgivings about Mr. Johnson," concluded *The Economist* of London in a series on Presidential possibilities, "concern his knowledge of, and interest in, the world outside the United States. . . . Even the most efficient briefing may not be enough to replace the long familiarity with foreign policy that is needed to grapple confidently with Mr. Khrushchev. The next President will probably have to attend a whole series of Summit meetings. To qualify, Senator Johnson would have to overcome his rather parochial background."

Just how parochial Johnson is comes as a surprise. He does not, for example, read books. True, he is a busy man. Yet it was a bit startling to learn in *The Lyndon Johnson Story* (and to have the Senator himself confirm) that he doubts "if he has read six books all the way through since leaving college." His staff aides point out that he absorbs a great deal of magazine material. But this, one learns, is most often channeled to him when he has to confront some particular decision; reading and reflecting are not his idea of a good time. His travel abroad has been limited to a wartime stint in the South Pacific, two short trips to Europe (a junket shortly after V-E Day and participation in a NATO Parliamentarians Conference) and four days in Mexico as Premier-designate Lopez Mateos' guest in 1958. Johnson's warmest supporters do not pretend that he has used nearly 30 years in Washington to develop friends among foreign diplomats and to acquire sophistication on world affairs painlessly, over the dinner table. A member of the board of the Dallas Council on World Affairs says that the state's senior Senator has never been invited as a speaker "because it never occurred to us that he would have much to say."

Reviewing Johnson's record, one finds that he has voted the Democratic party-line on international issues, even, at times, when this has been fiercely unpopular in Texas. He has insisted that Congress should not harass the Executive in the conduct of foreign policy and has accordingly supported both Truman and, as Majority Leader, Eisenhower, remaining silent when many Senate Democrats felt that Administration policy blunders cried for a public airing. Apart from the merits of his view that he had no call to challenge

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the Eisenhower-Dulles foreign policy, the question is, what has his own judgment been on that policy? What is his own view of the world?

A Nuisance World

Johnson is no isolationist. His public utterances have never had a suggestion of America go-it-alone. At the same time, they have invariably stopped short of any specific description or characterization of the outside world. It is as if he recognizes that it is all very important and inescapable but doesn't quite know what to make of it.

Searching back over the *Congressional Record* since 1937 is not the task it might seem because Johnson, who is not given to speechifying on most subjects, shies away, in particular, from foreign affairs. He has ventured forth only at times of national crisis. Then he has reissued, almost in paraphrase, the appeal for national unity and for a defense buildup which was his response to the shooting down of the U-2 and to the Summit in May, 1960.

Thus on July 12, 1950, 16 days after Harry Truman ordered troops into South Korea, Johnson took the floor of the Senate to call for all-out mobilization. One would not expect most Senators to discourse as exhaustively as Hubert Humphrey did on that day about the nuances of the world scene and the long-term nature of the Soviet threat. But Johnson's speech was notable for its total preoccupation with Pentagon details and the total absence of any analysis of the "whys" of defense. Korea was simply a place where the honor of the United States had to be tested. Warning on December 12 that "we may well be at war for 10 or 20 years or more," Johnson called for "an over-all global plan of strategy." He seemed to have in mind a military strategy, and he seemed impatient to dispose of the nuisance suddenly presented by a distastefully complex world. "How tragic, how horrible it would be for the free world or the West to squander its young manhood in futile, indecisive little wars before the real enemy is ever directly engaged." If the US had problems, he suggested on February 27, 1951, it was the consequence of inadequate military preparedness. "A prepared nation can control its own destiny. An unprepared nation has its destiny controlled by aggressors."

In the critical months prior to the fall of Dienbienphu Johnson apparently shared the "falling dominoes" theory of the Indo-China crisis, viewing it as an uncomplicated instance of military aggression which would be followed, if the US permitted a Communist victory, by a series of military incursions all across Asia. His comments at the time place him in the company of Admiral Arthur Radford and Secretary Dulles and show no sensitivity to the deeper political significance of the impasse over Vietnamese independence spelled out in great detail during this period by Senators Mansfield and Kennedy. On June 25, 1954, the day Winston Churchill and Anthony Eden landed in Washington to confer with Dwight Eisenhower on the terms of an Indo-China settlement at Geneva, Johnson was moved to make one of his rare foreign policy declarations in the Senate. He referred to the fact that the British Government had of late "spoken in jarring terms that point the way to disunity and confusion." British-inspired moves for the partition of Indo-China led him to urge on July 2 that the nation "stop and take a long, hard look at our foreign policy. . . . In the past few weeks Americans have had many bitter pills to swallow. They have heard a top official of the government of our closest ally state a doctrine which smacks strongly of the appeasement at Munich. They have seen what could be the beginning of the fall of all Southeast Asia, because another allied government did not take the necessary steps in time and in quantity. . . . The American people have become very uneasy over the objectives and intentions of our allies. . . ."

One of the difficulties in determining what Johnson's ideas really were at this period is that this was the year he was campaigning for re-election to the Senate. In 1948, he had won by an 87-vote margin amid charges of vote-stealing and taunts of "Landslide Lyndon." This time, he was determined to win decisively. He was taking no chances even though his opponent, oilman Dudley Dougherty, was a political unknown. Dougherty's anti-internationalist platform included support for the Bricker Amendment and the breaking off of diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union. Thus Johnson, who had taken a strong aid-to-Britain line in his unsuccessful 1941 campaign and had supported the Marshall Plan in 1948, now spoke of stopping foreign aid "unless some nations can offer us deeds instead of promises." When the Bricker Amendment was put forward in 1953, he endorsed it, voting with the minority for the revised George version on February 26, 1954. In the same speech on July 2 in which he echoed Admiral Radford on Indo-China, he warned of "the beginning of a campaign to bring Communist China into the United Nations" and declared that "in my opinion the American people will refuse to support the UN if Communist China shoots its way into membership." This precipitated a long and acrimonious exchange with Senator Lehman, who charged him with issuing an ultimatum to our allies. In the end Johnson backtracked, declaring that "the Senator insists on misquoting me . . . the statement was made that in the opinion of the Senator from Texas the American people would not support *Communist China's becoming* a part of the UN." (Italics added.)

In supporting the Bricker Amendment, it is clear that he had Texas in mind, for in 1956, when Sen. James Eastland's Judiciary Committee reported out a new ver-

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sion of the treaty restriction, Johnson saw to it that the measure never got past the Democratic Policy Committee. As for Indo-China, Chalmers Roberts of the *Washington Post* reported in 1954 that Johnson was one of those who put brakes on Radford's plan for US intervention at Dienbienphu when Dulles asked for the approval of Congressional leaders at a secret conference on April 3, 1954. He did so, however, on the argument that "we ought to know first who would put up the men." He sensed that this was one of those "futile, indecisive little wars." But he attributed the futility to timorous allies who could not be counted on in a military showdown and not, by all accounts, to French colonial bullheadness. Johnson attended briefings on April 20 and May 5, before and after Secretary Dulles' flying mission to Paris and London in the early days of the Geneva conference. At these briefings, it is learned, he saw nothing amiss in Dulles' ill-fated plan for applying the NATO idea to Asia in the form of the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization (SEATO).

On Communist China, he has shown little disposition until recently even in conversations with certain close friends to look beyond the confines of the quarantine policy. On January 28, 1955, having returned safely to the Senate, he pushed through for the White House the resolution authorizing the deployment of US armed forces for the protection of Formosa and the Pescadores. He fought the unsuccessful (74-13) Lehman amendment to exempt the offshore islands of Quemoy and Matsu from the scope of the resolution. Again in 1956, with no election in sight, he went out of his way to stress his agreement with Senator Knowland in reiterating bipartisan opposition to Chinese admittance to the UN. On one solitary occasion he flirted with a possible dissent from the Administration on China, but this came to nothing. In September, 1958, responding to a letter in which Foreign Relations Chairman Theodore F. Green had expressed doubt that the off-shore islands were vital to the defense of Formosa or the US, the President insinuated that even to voice a doubt was to play into Communist hands. Johnson went so far as to have a statement drafted (it was never issued), but with the intent of defending an embattled colleague rather than supporting the Green heresy.

Interestingly, Johnson has been more outspoken on the Middle East than on any other foreign area; he is strongly pro-Israeli. For weeks in March, 1957, he kept the Eisenhower Doctrine Resolution from coming to a vote. It was not that he considered the Doctrine offensive to Middle East neutralism. He wanted removal of all hint of economic sanctions against Israel. Last month he voted to withhold aid from Nasser unless Egypt permits Israeli shipping to pass through the Suez Canal. Considering his caution on so many issues of foreign policy, it is noteworthy that Texas, Dallas in particular, has a wealthy and influential Jewish community which happens to be relatively pro-Johnson.

Johnson has been most cautious in defining his attitude toward foreign economic aid. Though his voting record has been pro-aid, he spoke of an end to "foreign giveaways" and a shift to greater reliance on World Bank loans in a Palm Beach, Florida, speech quoted in *The New York Times* on April 7, 1957. Each year, as Majority Leader, he has laid down 10-point programs for Senatorial Democrats, but only in his 1960 program did he include (as Point Six) "Help Underdeveloped Countries Move into the 20th Century in Freedom." He emphasizes Latin America in such a way as to suggest that he cannot quite perceive faraway Asia and Africa. On May 22, he spoiled a gesture to the underdeveloped countries by referring to "the growing suburbs of Africa and Asia" (the reverberations from the suburbs would no doubt be noisy should he speak in this US-centered manner as President). He has stressed an expansion of trade and implied that "a sound trade program" might offer some substitute for aid, that "underdeveloped countries" is really a misnomer for "underdeveloped markets."

One revealing pointer to his inclinations on the underdeveloped countries was his vote on July 7, 1959, for the Dodd amendment providing that military aid be voted henceforth as part of the regular appropriations for the Defense Department and thus bypass the Foreign Relations Committee. Senators Fulbright, Gore, Humphrey and Kennedy were among the 37 Senators who voted against this amendment; not Johnson.

Fast and Furious

In early April of this year Johnson let it be known that Senate approval could not be taken for granted should a nuclear test treaty emerge from the Geneva talks. Small nuclear test explosions, reported Philip Potter in *The Baltimore Sun*, are in Johnson's view "very important to the development of both weapons and tactics, the military possibilities including both anti-missile missiles which would use a 'small' atomic bomb for a warhead . . . and tactical weapons for use against enemy troops." On disarmament matters he has steered a course between Hubert Humphrey (pro-test ban) and skeptics on the Joint Atomic Energy Committee. However, he chose Albert Gore over Humphrey in October, 1958, when the Administration asked for Democratic representation at Geneva, and he hedged his statement on extension of a nuclear test moratorium following the President's April declaration that he could not commit his successor. He voiced no objection to the Khrushchev visit before the fact. But he did say of the invitation in a Snyder, Texas, speech shortly thereafter that "I would not have extended it at that time under those circumstances." In general he has appeared concerned to keep the onus on the Russians for any breakdown in

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communications and diplomatic exchange. When the 1957 "Face the Nation" interview with Khrushchev prompted some charges that CBS had let itself be used as a propaganda forum, Johnson declared that "we should welcome this example of direct argument," calling on the Administration to press for reciprocal privileges in the Soviet Union. In this same "Open Curtain" speech he urged US initiative on a five-phased disarmament program tending to support the Administration proposals then being pursued by Harold Stassen in London.

It is perhaps too much to say, as his partisans do, that Johnson set in motion the official thinking which led to the US-USSR cultural exchanges pact in late 1957. But the record does suggest that for all of his single-minded interest in preparedness, Johnson would probably carry over his mode of operations in the Senate – "always keep your lines of communication open" – into something of an effort to negotiate with the Russians. How effective Johnson's overpowering style in personal encounters would be in the protocol-conscious world of diplomacy defies prediction. His only meetings with Khrushchev have been in groups when he has had little to say. Johnson was one of 25 ranking Senators who spent two hours with the Soviet Premier on September 16, 1959, and met him briefly at a White House dinner the night before ("He said he had read all my speeches and didn't like any of them"). When Johnson was asked on a TV panel what he would have said to him in the U-2 aftermath, he responded that "I would talk to Mr. Khrushchev . . . about their action in suppressing the people of Hungary, about their promise to have free elections for 15 years and then denying them. About their capturing our prisoners and never turning them loose. About their own spy activities. . . . If Mr. Khrushchev wanted to talk about anything of that kind, I would give it to him fast and furious."

Johnson gave V. K. Krishna Menon of India what must have been one of his more uncomfortable and perplexing moments when, following Johnson's statement on outer space to the UN Political Committee on November 18, 1958, Menon engaged in some characteristic needling. "That was a very impressive presentation," announced Menon, confronting Johnson as he stepped down from the dais. "I wish that your country would give as much time to disarming as you give to preparations for arming." Where others have trailed off in exasperated silence or risen to the bait with wild abandon, Johnson, as those present recall it, brushed him off with an unruffled and vaguely sarcastic smile. "Well now, Mr. Ambassador, we're ready. We'll disarm tomorrow. Can you deliver the disarmament of the Communist bloc? I don't know much about this building but let's get a room and we'll do it right now."

Johnson's appearance at the UN was part of an attempt – his Mexican visit was also in the fall of 1958 – to get increased exposure as a world statesman. Taking hold of the space issue in the post-Sputnik months, Johnson had referred in his personal January 8, 1958, "State of the Union" message before the Democratic Caucus to the need to "win and hold" what he called the "ultimate position – from which total control of the earth may be exercised. . . . Whoever gains that ultimate position gains control, total control, over the earth." *The New York Times* pointedly commented on the next day that "if ever anything was a matter for international cooperation and coordination, this is it. The way to go about it is not to conjure up frightening images of an American spatial imperialism."

Within a week Johnson had picked up the cue and asked that the US take the initiative before the UN in inviting all member nations to help "join in this adventure into outer space together." His appearance before the UN to testify to a bipartisan dedication to peaceful US intentions in outer space logically followed. All that he was proposing in the name of the US, however, was a study committee, and little importance was attached by the American press to Johnson's appearance. The world press, on the other hand, was fascinated. "Texas 'Country Boy' Johnson Leaves Many at UN Bewildered" was the headline on the report from *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* UN correspondent Donald Grant. "A country boy from Texas come to howdy and shake" was, it seems, Johnson's opening gambit at a news conference of some 60 correspondents from Asia, Africa, Europe and Latin America. "The diplomatic correspondent of a newspaper in Amsterdam leaned over to ask exactly what was meant by 'howdy and shake'," wrote Grant, "but there was no time for an answer. . . . 'Come with us, arm in arm, united, and let us explore this joint adventure together in the hope that we can consign our antagonisms to the ash can.' 'I suppose,' whispered the young man from Reuters, just out from London, 'that by ash can he means dust bin'."

Chicken in the Weeds

An extraordinarily vain man, Johnson is famous for his sensitivity to any criticism, but to be thought of as parochial is, no doubt, the unkindest cut. Although as Majority Leader, he has deliberately yielded the spotlight to successive chairmen of the Foreign Relations Committee, this does not fully account for his circumspection on world issues. As he has said: "My Dad taught me a long time ago that the chicken which sticks his head up above the weeds is liable to get it knocked off with a rock." Or: "A man's a fool to talk to other fellows about any subject unless he knows more about that subject than they do."

This reporter went to see Senator Johnson confident that out of the bits and pieces of talk some definition of a Johnson foreign policy could be constructed. John-

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son sells himself as a brilliant pragmatist. He would have too much native good sense, one concludes, to take the United States on any wild adventures. He conveys steadiness and looks every inch the strong President. He does not dogmatize, and one cannot help feeling that he would have no taste for a permanent impasse in relations, let us say, with Communist China. But Johnson in private sounds little better acquainted with the world outside the United States than he does in public. He will evince irritation at the suggestion that the record leaves anything to be elaborated. Then, in the next breath, he will say that he doesn't want to discuss "specific countries." He repeats the generalities that he has been delivering for years. They seem a pretty empty bag. When, after being pressed for some comment on the Sino-Soviet relationship or the whys and wherefores of neutralism, he makes a brief gesture of reply, one is left with the feeling that he had never given the matter much thought.

One area in which Johnson seems to have worked out in his mind the beginnings of definition is aid and trade policy. He commits himself in broad humanitarian terms to a US role in aiding the underdeveloped countries. He would broaden what is now a "closed corporation" of alliances, and seems to think in terms of regional aid machinery set up by such indigenous figures as Lopez Mateos in Latin America. He would organize "a central authority to coordinate trade and aid activities in this field of total competition with the Soviets. The last new trade idea that's been advocated was Cordell Hull's reciprocal trade program."

All of this sounds fine – at least it can be touched and felt – until it develops that Johnson has just been telling voters in East Liverpool, Ohio, that US insistence on "reciprocity" with its trading partners is his idea of a new principle of trade policy needed to check foreign imports. And the kind of "tough, able businessman" needed to work out the policy, as *Business Week* heard it, is "a Bob Kerr." (Senator Kerr has just introduced a resolution which has the anti-protectionist forces up in arms. It would oppose further US tariff cuts in the GATT negotiations later this year. Johnson aides say he is not backing Kerr and deny that he spoke of him as the man to run US trade policy.)

As President, called on to make and explain US policy on all manner of complicated international questions, Johnson, like Eisenhower, would have to depend heavily on his advisers. But he has not felt called on, thus far, to seek much foreign policy advice, and one can only speculate on who these advisers would be or how he would use them. Talking with Johnson and those close to him, one is given the names of certain men whose foreign policy expertise he is said to "respect" – men such as former Undersecretary of State Will Clayton; Justice Douglas; Dean Acheson; Benjamin V. Cohen; Charles "Chip" Bohlen; Fulbright; *Denver Post* publisher Palmer Hoyt, and former Assistant Secretary of State George C. McGhee. But it is the Brain Truster, not Johnson, who does the initiating; Dean Acheson will send a memo to idea men George Reedy or Gerald Siegel on Johnson's staff (both mainly trained in domestic affairs), or he will talk with Johnson when they meet socially at the home of a mutual friend. Most of these men have to stop and think to recall an occasion when they have talked more than a few moments with Johnson on a matter of foreign policy.

Johnson has long had a functioning Brain Trust on matters of strategy and domestic policy. He consults most regularly with three politically-wise lawyers who have been his friends since the Thirties: Abe Fortas and Thomas G. Corcoran of Washington and Edwin L. Weisl of New York. His will rests in a file drawer at Simpson, Thacher and Bartlett, the law firm of which Mr. Weisl is a senior partner. Weisl, counsel of Johnson's Outer Space and Astronautics Subcommittee, has been called the "eighteenth partner of Lehman Brothers" and is an executive committee member of Paramount Pictures.

At about the time Senator Kennedy's Harvard-MIT Brain Trust began to attract favorable notice in the columns, Johnson invited Texas historian Walter Prescott Webb to serve as a consultant. He announced that University of Texas Professor Webb, author of *Divided We Stand*, was "the first of many great minds that I hope we can persuade to work with us here during the next months and years. It is my hope that we shall shortly be able to announce comprehensive plans for undertaking in many fields large-scale studies of vital sectors of our society and economy." That was in January, 1959, and the great minds are yet to be seen in the precincts of Johnson's three offices (Majority Leader, Democratic Policy Committee, Senator from Texas). Professor Webb, who had been expected to do an inventory of "the basic resources and strengths of the South and West," did not stay long. He found himself working for Johnson's staff, not Johnson, and he never could find out just what he was supposed to be doing.

Johnson won't have any more time on his hands if he gets to the White House than he has had in the Senate, but he still might surround himself with sophisticated advisers and apply himself to self-education in foreign policy with energy. It is not impossible. If he did, he would be an adequate President, weak in the articulation of policy but strong on execution. One of those who might be thought of as a beneficent influence on Johnson in matters of foreign affairs stresses his "capacity for growth," his "open-mindedness and lack of doctrinaire commitments." But then he sighs: "The trouble is, Lyndon doesn't really listen about these things. After five or ten minutes he'll lean forward all of a sudden and say, 'Now, that reminds me of this time down in Texas. . . .' "

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Old Friends Entering a New Age

by Frank J. Warnke

The correspondence of Samuel Clemens and William Dean Howells deserves the tribute of complex and careful presentation which it has received in these finely executed volumes. From 1872 until the death of Clemens in 1910, the two friends were in almost constant communication, and their letters have extraordinary value not only for their frequent brilliance of utterance and the light which they throw on the literary creations of their authors but also for the record which they provide of two powerful and agonizingly honest minds as they reacted to the changing circumstances of the 40 years in which the old America became, for better or for worse, the new. Together with Henry James, Howells and Twain dominate American literature in the later 19th Century, and their more overt commitment to American themes gives them a special importance in our cultural history; more than any other writers of the time, they provide us with America's varied and sometimes contradictory pictures of itself. Henry Nash Smith and William M. Gibson, recognized as leading authorities on Twain and Howells respectively, have collaborated on a work of scrupulous scholarship in which biographical commentary, explanatory footnotes, and generous appendices unobtrusively but thoroughly point up the literary and historical significance of the whole correspondence.

The Mark Twain-Howells Letters
edited by Henry Nash Smith and William M. Gibson
(Harvard; two volumes, $20)

The protagonists, as they appear in the early years of their friendship, are strikingly different in many ways – Twain explosive, urgent, eager, conscientiously and sometimes self-consciously the humorist; Howells urbane, witty, self-contained, but always aware of his colleague's genius. Though two years younger than Twain, Howells had already achieved by 1870 his position as a prominent man of letters and, as editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, supreme arbiter of literary taste. His early recognition of Twain's talent was immensely important to a writer who was just beginning to resent the popular conception of him as a mere entertainer and humorist, and it is not surprising that, almost from the beginning, Twain regarded Howells as his chief critic and literary adviser. Some contemporary critics and scholars have deplored Howells' influence on Twain, seeing in it a force of convention and prudishness which diluted Twain's natural robustness of expression. But if Twain had not found a censor in Howells, he would have found one elsewhere, for one of the strongest elements in his own sensibility was a prudishness which exceeded even the standard Victorian variety. It is amusing to see him asking Howells, or asking his own wife, if they are sure, really sure, that a piece of harmless profanity in *Tom Sawyer* will not be offensive.

The two friends were alike in their hypersensitivity to anything indecent or profane in public print (though Twain's notorious exercise in ribaldry, *1601*, indicates that the reservation did not extend to private print). Related to this hypersensitivity was an exorbitant respect for their wives. Elinor Howells and Livy Clemens figure largely in the correspondence, and the writers never tire of the familiar American jest which sees the wife as a beloved but all-dominating domestic tyrant. Prudishness, deification of woman, boundless energy – all these qualities of the earlier letters suggest a relationship to the West from which both writers sprang. But only a very incautious reader could ascribe to the letters the qualities of naïveté and lack of sophistication often associated with that West. For both Howells and Twain were aware of the interdependence of European and American culture, and both displayed a capacity rare today, for committing themselves totally to political and moral issues without for a moment forgetting their function as artists.

The correspondence as a whole is an impressive record of intellectual and spiritual development. It is a long way from the 1870's, when both men shuddered at the possibility of a Democratic President, to the 1890's, when, as "theoretical socialists and practical aristocrats," they castigated the increasing materialism and money-centeredness of the age. "There is no longer an American Republic," Howells was to observe, "but an aristocracy-loving oligarchy in place of it." And Twain, on re-reading Carlyle's *French Revolution*, was to "lay the book down once more, and recognize that I am a Sansculotte." The process of change was painful for both men – for Howells, who aroused hostility through his defense of the Haymarket anarchists and his support of the new naturalistic writers; for Twain, whose pessimistic determinism grew more bitter every year until, as he wrote Howells in 1899, he could regard man as "an April-fool joke, played by a malicious Creator with nothing better to waste his time upon."

The changes in attitude displayed by Twain and Howells over the 40 years of their friendship may be explained in part by their country's loss of innocence as viewed by two writers whose great theme had always been the relationship of innocence and experience –

Summer Schedule

During the summer months, *The New Republic* will not appear on the following dates:

July 4 August 1 August 22 September 5

Weekly publication will be resumed with the issue of September 12.

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clearly in *A Modern Instance*, more eloquently and poetically in *Huckleberry Finn*. Much of the bitterness in the later letters come from a sense of the violation of the older American ideals – a violation epitomized by imperialism, the exploitation of labor, and loss of contact with nature. And possibly, some of the bitterness came from a sense of increasing isolation from the life of society. Both men, after all, could remember a time when it was customary for American Presidents to bestow diplomatic posts on writers (a time difficult for us, in 1960, to imagine). Americans have always tended to view their writers as beatniks or oracles, but the tendency has become steadily more marked as our culture has grown more conformist. For men who, like Twain and Howells, felt that their profession should be an important and respected one in a democratic nation, the 20th Century, even at its beginning, must have been hard to take.

For ultimately both the sadness and the wisdom of the later letters come not so much from the fact that Twain and Howells changed with the years as from the fact that they did not – that they remained 19th Century men, sharing, even in age, the generous vision and the tragically unfulfilled dreams of that great age, with its belief in what man might become. Smith and Gibson deserve our gratitude for allowing them to speak in their own accents to our very different age.

Two New Educational Scapegoats

by Van R. Halsey, Jr.

From workbooks with blank spaces and one-word answers in elementary school to canned survey courses with IBM-scored tests in College, many a student today can receive a university degree without having written more than an occasional paragraph during his entire formal education.

This lack of rigor and training in the nation's schools has more often than not been blamed by post-sputnik critics on John Dewey as the underminer of "sound" education. Now Philip Marson who has just retired after teaching at Boston Latin School since 1926, adds two more scapegoats by means of which Americans can comfortably forget the educational facts of life. Marson says that it is really the College Entrance Examination Board and Harvard University who are to blame for the chaos of today's educational system: "The College Board went modern in the forties." Instead of continuing to originate and compose College Entrance Examinations in essay form for every subject-matter area, the testing was turned over to those "bloodless monsters" the computing machines of the Educational Testing Service. These objective tests, Marson maintains, "admittedly doing everything that is claimed, have nevertheless been the chief instrument of destruction in the annihilation of secondary school standards." In the good old days, Marson and other teachers at select college preparatory schools used the essay exams as a goad to "lift the thinking of his pupils," so that they "should welcome each assignment as a vital practice session to condition them for the supreme effort." The change-over to objective tests meant that "all incentives to stimulate learning by the student have been removed."

Final defeat of the old standards came when the Harvard Admission Office delivered the *coup de grâce*. By dredging up a few horrible examples of seeming injustices in College Admission, Marson attempts to demonstrate that Harvard and other selective colleges are no longer accepting students on the basis of academic excellence as measured by one set of essay tests. Extra-curricular activities, personal recommendations, athletic prowess and interviews are the additional criteria to which Marson objects. This shift in emphasis away from the purely intellectual qualifications, coupled with the inadequacies of the new testing apparatus, has conspired to make of American secondary education one vast baby-sitting operation.

Now, no one will argue with Marson about raising standards. He is most effective when he illustrates by examples from his own classes the need for a restoration of rigorous writing exercises for all students. The fact that over 100 colleges will next year require a writing sample which will be administered by the College Board may have escaped Marson and his publisher, but that does not diminish the importance of his statement. Undoubtedly, much of what

A Teacher Speaks
by Philip Marson
(McKay; $3.95)

The Library

Two pilgrims, in and out of stacks and desks,
We climb dark stairs to search dark shelves for love,
To read old lines of new desire, bright masks
Of lust, of passion's blur in winter's grove.

In all these cells and cubicles, these aisles
And passageways, I tell the things I know
But hope for words wherein some poet spells,
Wherein from dust and years I read that you

Will love me always. But each insists instead
That you will leave, or I will go, and one
Will waste; that beauty passes, passions nod,
And even lust wears out a rasping tune.

Still you and I swear both eternal faith
And pledge in sacraments no lapse will alter us;
In vespers still we cheat our clay of wrath,
For I have felt the fault in every kiss.

Harry Morris

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passes for education in many secondary schools is spoon-fed pap. Particularly is this true of the social sciences where coverage of facts is held to be all important, and what passes for a textbook is merely used as a crutch.

But what Marson, Arthur Bestor, Admiral Rickover and Co. always seem to overlook are the school census reports of the last 40 years. In the 1920's they so poignantly look back on, only 31 percent of the age group were enrolled in secondary school, only eight out of every 100 18-to-21-year-olds were enrolled in college. Today these figures are over 80 percent and 34 percent respectively. These facts tell the story of a social revolution.

Eulogizing the British system, where Marson was told that only five percent of the students matriculate to a university, or advocating a return to the classical curriculum is wishful thinking. The Dickensian School of Gradgrind and McChoakumchild, which produced what one of Marson's former students called "a working model of an educated robot," may have been easy on the teachers and socially harmless in the twenties. It is totally inadequate for school systems which by law must cope with IQ's ranging from cretin to genius. During the thirties, the US made a collective decision to keep all the youngsters in class through twelfth grade, but the Marsons of that day were too preoccupied to make Americans face up to the full educational implications of that decision. The liberal arts colleges withdrew their traditional control of the curriculum, and, for better or worse, Columbia Teachers' College filled the void. To flail at the College Board for trying to deal more systematically with the resultant hordes who saw school and college as the main route to success and the one really effective means of upward social mobility is hardly helpful in view of the birth rate projections for the next twenty years. What is needed now is a revision of the tax base, more qualified teachers with fewer classes per day, thus more required writing which will have some chance of getting corrected.

When Marson goes after the Harvard Admission Office for degrading their standards, his book takes on the air of a swan song for all the old-line private schools who no longer have a monopoly on good education. For in spite of the educational boondoggling now under the spotlight of Mr. Conant's studies, our public schools have by and large done a remarkable job under almost impossible conditions. Harvard recently accepted only 20 percent of the Boston Latin graduates – not because of a watered-down admission policy but because it and similar colleges have so many first-rate candidates from the nation's public high schools. The use of additional admission criteria point to a healthy recognition that high entrance test scores do not bear much relation to success or failure in college. Drive, determination and eagerness to learn cannot yet be measured by admission tests.

It is becoming clear that one of the weakest links in our educational system is in the freshman year of the undergraduate colleges, whose faculties are not challenging their bright students. One wishes that Marson had concentrated on the recent advent of high school advanced placement courses, the new approaches to the teaching of the sciences, and the attendent dissatisfaction of frustrated students on many college campuses. There is a revolution now going on in the secondary school curriculum, stimulated both by education-minded parents and by the vicious competition for admission into one of the prestige colleges.

As an autobiography of a representative and dedicated classroom teacher in the halcyon days of the great old preparatory schools, *A Teacher Speaks* is an excellent social document. But no amount of preaching a return to limited educational opportunities will divert the thrust of a nearly doubled college-bound population by 1970. What are needed now are some imaginative plans for dealing with a totally unprecedented situation.

Notes on Contributors

Frank J. Warnke *is on the English faculty at Yale.* Van R. Halsey, Jr., *teaches Political Science at Amherst.* Harry Morris, *who recently held a Folger Library Fellowship, is now teaching at Tulane.* Daniel M. Friedenberg *is a New York businessman and man of letters who has written extensively about Spain and the Mediterranean world.*

A Casualty from Spain

by Daniel M. Friedenberg

Two years ago the literate public was shocked by the first novel of a young French-Spanish writer with the pseudonym Michel del Castillo. *Child of Our Time,* an actual autobiography, was the most searing study ever printed of a child's life in Nazi-dominated Europe and Franco Spain. Now, *The Disinherited,* the second novel of the author, has appeared.

The Disinherited
by Michel del Castillo
(Knopf; $3.75)

Michel del Castillo was born in Madrid in 1933 of a prominent left-wing Socialist mother. At the age of six he was forced to join the wave of refugees fleeing the victory of Franco. Although Castillo has few clear childhood memories of this torn upheaval, he has attempted to cast a novel of ideas based on the Spanish Civil War.

The Disinherited is the story of three very young men swept along by the Spanish conflict. Olny, product of poor social misfits, has been brought up in the Zone of Madrid – the littoral of garbage dumps and dung cliffs which may only charitably be called a slum in the American sense. Although bitter, he does not generalize his plight until he meets Ramírez, a hardened Communist, whose mind is closed to all but the impending Revolution. The third party to the story is Santiago de Leyes, an aristocrat who has rebelled against the tradition of his family and spends his time giving free instruction to the workers in Marxist ideology.

With the victory of the Popular Front and impending revolt of the Army against the left-wing government, events move fast. Olny meets Marianita, a slum girl who gives him a first vision of love and tenderness. They set up house with the aid of Santiago de Leyes and Olny becomes a full-time Communist worker. Ramírez rapidly

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advances in the echelon of the Party, his narrow and hate-filled mind being ideally suited for a role as liquidator – more especially, to liquidate the thinking members of the Party who question the leadership. And Santiago de Leyes, shaken by doubts as he sees the careless brutality of the right replaced by the far more efficient brutality of the left, leaves the Communists and becomes a Christian mystic.

The denouement is both classic and stereotyped. Olny is captured by Fascist thugs and castrated. Ramírez, charged with the liquidation of "counter revolutionaries" in the Madrid area, vents his hatred not only on the legitimate fifth column members but also on those he privately despises or envies – among them Santiago de Leyes. And, as a final savage act, Ramírez jockeys Olny so that he must fusillade Santiago de Leyes, the only man who ever aided him without selfish motive. In the last scene, we are left with the curt image of Madrid after the victory of Franco; Ramírez, has fled to France; Olny is back in the Zone, half-mad and beating Marianita, just as formerly his father had beaten his mother.

The late Spanish writer Arturo Barea once commented that the Spanish novel of our times seems unreal to readers in other Western countries because of the harsh domination of misery and hunger. When to this almost overwhelming obsession for merely enough food and warmth to keep alive is added the horror of civil war and social chaos, we encounter a subject matter that stands outside our experience. The world of Michel del Castillo is inhabited by people who have been forced into a mold that breeds either saints or monsters,

The principal failure of *The Disinherited*, as seen by a sympathetic outsider, flows from its distorted view of the Spanish Civil War. According to Michel del Castillo, the split in Spain was between Communists and Fascists. This is a historical lie. The Reds were an unimportant minority in the Popular Front and for most of the Civil War. It was only the cowardice of Léon Blum, Neville Chamberlain and Roosevelt – who jointly feared that aid to Loyalist Spain would lead to general war – that pushed the Spanish Reds into a position of power. Stalin alone was willing to supply ammunition and planes to the Loyalists, and the local Communists increasingly insisted that he who pipes the tune should call the dance.

A historical distortion should not affect the value of a novel. But the inner meaning of *The Disinherited* rests on the premise that the only political choice is between Communism, a logical but tyrannic doctrine, and some species of Fascism. Since the latter is inconceivable to Michel del Castillo, the only *true* alternative to Communism has to be Christianity, though one devoid of priests. The author reasons as follows: The world without God is absurd, dominated by cruelty and hunger; the world should not be absurd: therefore, *either* Communism is true since it makes sense, gives a pattern to the seeming absurdity of events, *or* there is a God.

The need for faith, in its intense Spanish form, seems to have led Michel del Castillo to accept both Communism and Christ, somewhat like old Tolstoy at Yasnaya Polyana. The commissars and the priests are rejected, but both are striving for truth, one human and the other divine. Writing from the bitter experience of concentration camps and sadistic reformatory schools, the author emotionally washes his hands of all cruelty but clings to the hope of some kind of redemptive doctrine: "There are two kinds of men: those capable of dipping their hands in their brothers' blood to make history, and those who quietly wiped away the tears of the wounded to write the history of God. You had to choose between vengeance, humanly justified, and absurd, transcendent love." I have an uneasy feeling that Michel del Castillo may resolve his tension by emulating the career of his spiritual 19th-Century predecessor, Mariano José de Lara, the torn Spanish journalist who committed suicide at the age of 28.

President of the United States

. . . the biggest, loneliest job. Early on November 9 one man will know that his is the power, the glory, and the awesome problems. But each of us needs to know these problems to help clear the air of political platitudes in the crucial months ahead. CHESTER BOWLES in *Agenda 1961; New Principles for a New Age* perceptively outlines the great questions which immediately will face the President-elect. In the foreword Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt says, "My husband would have enjoyed these lectures for he also became President in a year of great challenge."

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ART

The Conversion of the Revolutionists

On a chill damp spring evening recently, a well-dressed, well-fed crowd gathered in the garden of the Museum of Modern Art and watched impatiently as a visiting Swiss artist-mechanic fiddled with his self-destroying machine. It got colder, and damper, and the comfort of a martini seemed ever further away, but eventually the machine did go off and, to the plaudits of one and all, more or less destroyed itself under the watchful eye of a fireman. This event, had it occurred in the Cabaret Voltaire in 1916, while the rest of Europe was engaged in a different kind of mechanical self-destruction, would have had a certain meaning. Had anyone had the enterprise to stage this event as a curtain-raiser for a frame-breakers' rally in the early days of the industrial revolution, it would have been an act of pure genius. Coming when it did, from 40 to 200 years late, and under the auspices it did, the event left but a small meaning, as damp and as chill as the evening.

Emile Nolde, by Werner Haftmann
(Abrams; $15)
Klee, by Nello Ponente
(Skira; $5.75)
James Ensor, by Paul Haesaerts
(Abrams; $17.50)
My Life, by Marc Chagall
(Orion; $6)

The meaning we like to see in such events is the conversion of the Rockefellers to artistic revolution, but a more basic and more important meaning is the conversion of artistic revolutionists to Rockefellerism.

The thought comes to mind because all four of the artists presented in the four books at hand set out as artist-revolutionists and three of the four have ended, posthumously, with their revolution institutionalized by foundations. Not as thoroughly as Kandinsky was in what used to be called the Guggenheim Museum of Non-Objective Art, but institutionalized they have been; since all four are older than the artists who seethe in rebellion as they pass from Fulbrights to Guggenheims to collegiate residencies to group shows at the Modern, the earlier experience is relevant to its continuation.

All four artists have been more or less on the edge of the center of 20th-Century painting; all four also have been on the edge of their society. The immediate point of contact for three of the four is this: the Ensor book notes that since Ensor's death in 1949, propaganda for his ever increasing recognition has been carried on by *Les Amis de James Ensor*, who have purchased the artist's last house and turned it into a museum in Ostend. The Klee book has about forty percent of its 54 color plates from either the Klee Foundation or the Klee Collection in Bern. The Nolde book is published with the cooperation of the Nolde Foundation, Seebüll, Germany, and almost all of its 55 color plates are from the Foundation's collection.

All four books are of value, the Klee perhaps least of all because it adds very little to the Praeger Klee of three years ago. The earlier volume had a much livelier format, more color plus several hundred black-and-whites, the usual scholarly appendices, and a reasonably straightforward account of the man's life and work. Nello Ponente, in what is something of a tradition in the Skira "Taste of Our Time" series, indulges in the waste of our time to prove that his man is not only the hottest thing to come down the century's pike, but is one of the sources of whatever is conceived to be the latest joy of youth.

The most valuable of the books I take to be the Nolde, precisely because so much of the color is from the relatively inaccessible Nolde Foundation. Like most Americans, I guess, I treasure two great works by the German painter: the golden "Christ and the Children" at the Museum of Modern Art and the overwhelming "Three Russians" in the Richard Feigen collection. The color – very handsomely done – adds other Biblical paintings and more pictures of Russians as well as a group of Melanesians, which have the same power.

Nolde's encounters with society are the most curious experienced by any of these painters. He was that rarest of artists, one who was accepted by Kaiser Wilhelm's kultur krowd. On the eve of World War I, Nolde went off on a government-sponsored free load to the German South Seas. From this trip came the Russian pictures and the Melanesians and the German government bought about 50 works. In the Republic, Nolde maintained a distance between himself and the groups and regroups of German art. He kept painting. Unlike the Kaiser, Hitler speedily saw that Nolde was a degenerate artist. The Nazis denounced him and confiscated some pictures; Allied air raids destroyed his Berlin studio and the liberating Russians destroyed a number of the paintings they liberated. Through it all Nolde kept on painting and produced a large body of work that relates more closely to a sensitive man's view of his world than it does to current events in either art or the larger scene.

The equally handsome and extensively illustrated work on James Ensor illustrates poignantly the most crucial encounter with society endured by any of the four artists. Ensor, born in 1860, struggled for 40 years to create a new imagery related to the old Flemish demonism. In the effort he faced and faced down the virulent opposition of the establishment in art and society. He won. By the turn of the century Ensor was granted by the public the full right to say what he pleased; in 1903 he was knighted; and by that time he had pretty well said what he had to say. There remained about 50 years to get through and Ensor filled them with imitations of himself and with comfortable high-jinx at Ostend. The well known *Christ Entering Brussels* and *Temptation of Saint Anthony* are unapproached by the succeeding decades of demonism. But an unexpected value of the book is the appearance of some first-rate early painting that is more solid than anything he did in the last years of his life.

Klee had two encounters. He was a culture-hero at the Bauhaus and a degenerate artist in the Third Reich. The theoretical pictures of the Bauhaus are, often, lovely, charming things, but generally they lack the force of the works produced after the Nazis took power and Klee left Germany.

Chagall's *My Life* is the first English translation of the painter's sad and

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funny account of his double encounter with the authorities. There is much material on the village of Vitebsk familiar to anyone familiar with Chagall's painting, but the real heart of the book is the artist's early, frantic effort to come to terms with the official anti-Semitism of the Czar's St. Petersburg and the equally futile attempt to serve the Soviets in Moscow and Vitebsk. With the best will in the world Chagall placed his art and his whole being at the service of the revolution; by 1922 he was back in Europe for good. His own Russia he brought with him and has been painting ever since. The prose, in a most effective translation, resembles nothing so much as Dostoevsky's Underground Man, operating in the sunlight, but still frantic and frustrated at every turn, and cursed with total consciousness. The book is illustrated with 20 prints that Chagall made in the early twenties.

FRANK GETLEIN

MOVIES

A World They Never Made

Few foreign pictures have been heralded by the high praise that has preceded *Hiroshima, Mon Amour*. At last this film arrives, and the praise is certainly explained, if not completely justified. Alain Resnais, the director, has created a poem on film. It is an imperfect poem; still, no less a term than "poetic" can be used for its essences and much of its execution.

This oddly titled picture is the product of a Franco-Japanese company, takes

Hiroshima, Mon Amour
(Zenith)

place in Hiroshima, and is a love story. But these are only skeletal reasons for the title; more are made manifest. A brief affair is taking place between a Japanese architect and a French actress who belongs to a company that has come there to make a propaganda film about peace, using the atomic museum, surviving victims, local protest marchers. Both the lovers are married; both know that their affair must be short-lived and know, too, that this is much more than a merely sexual encounter.

Because of the subject of the film which she is making, because the man's parents were killed by the bomb, because the woman's youth was blighted by a tragic affair with a German soldier stationed in her native town of Nevers, the love story becomes a vessel for symbolism. This happens inevitably and adroitly; you feel that, given these materials, it could not be otherwise, and at the same time you enjoy the art with which the director and author have exploited the inevitability – the lyricism with which the initial situation has been opened up to reveal its implications and the forces that have brought these two people together.

Before long, what you are watching is a dramatization of the human history that persists under and after the giant cold structures of political history. The woman, for it is especially her story, dramatizes the truth that prescribed enmities do not affect emotional reactions. This particular 18-year-old girl in Nevers could not have helped falling in love with this particular German soldier if there had been 20 Hitlers; and the resultant anguish was inescapable in a society that has no room for that truth. But the anguish has tempered her values so that now she can distinguish between formality and reality; the formalities of the façade may be necessary in order to conduct the world's business, but the emotional realities behind the façade are our only true insurance of continuity, literally and figuratively. On this theme the other implications of the film are based – its anti-war. Indeed its anti-political themes flower from it.

But they are not sustained. The film broadens from a poignant "Gallic" love story into a poem of some profound resonances. This broadening, this evocation of larger and larger responses, leads us to expect a conclusion of towering dimensions. We are made hungry for it. But the film diminishes. The focus

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narrows in its last quarter, and it becomes what it was at the beginning, in fact, even less, for the locale is irrelevant at the end. It simply becomes a question of whether the woman will abandon her family in France and remain with this man (who will presumably abandon his family) or whether she will return to her husband. This section is not only uncomfortably cramped in scope as opposed to what precedes it but is uncomfortably protracted, with a number of scenes in which, dog-like, the man follows the woman around all night from place to place hoping that she will change her mind about leaving in the morning. There is an unsuccessful attempt at the very end to recapture the picture's larger aspects, when he says "You are Nevers, I am Hiroshima"; but the director has admitted – in a *Film Quarterly* interview – that the line's meaning was uncertain to him. As it was to me. It echoes the title and vice versa: but not much more than that.

Still, no disappointments in the film can dull three major accomplishments in it. The screenplay of Marguerite Duras is, as even a non-speaker of French can tell, startlingly conceived and subtly executed. The direction of Alain Resnais is gently but intensely sympathetic and seems to caress the story into life. The performance of Emmanuelle Riva is a little ode to the ultimate loneliness but indestructibility of the human being in a world not demonstrably designed for full and happy human life.

Eiji Okada, as her lover, gives a completely adequate performance but without Miss Riva's dagger-like pathos. An added merit – for us – is the sub-titling by Noelle Gillmore; it is as good as any I have ever seen.

Despite its final shortcomings, this is an extraordinary, extraordinarily beautiful picture. As a pacifist statement, it is the most moving I can remember since Victor Francen's pre-war *That They May Live*. As an idyll of intimacy it is in a class with the work of Bergman, Renoir, Carné, and the other notable explorers of the affinities and abysses between man and woman. And it is cinematic in all its being, not a converted play or novel; it is quite inconceivable as anything but a film.

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

Correspondence

The New Republic *welcomes communications in regard to subject of current interest. Those of 300 words or less are most suitable for publication.*

Economic Progress – Private and Public

Sirs:

In an able and provocative article in the May 23 *New Republic*, Mr. Leon Keyserling says: "Actually, there is little evidence that during the past quarter century our private economic progress has outrun our public programs."

Here are some figures which suggest that Mr. Keyserling may be wrong:

Percent Rise in Purchases of Goods and Services (in 1959 Dollars) from 1934 to 1959

Consumption goods	164
Private domestic investment	633
Federal Government non-defense	33
State and local government	133
All government non-defense	108

It has been my view and it has been Mr. Keyserling's, I believe, that the Federal Government should spend more for welfare purposes. This table shows that Federal outlays for non-defense have risen at a disappointing rate. In fact, from 1940, there was a decline of 20 percent. State and local governments have had to assume the major burdens of welfare outlays and with unfortunate results, as any student of state and local government must know.

It is also unfortunate that Mr. Keyserling keeps on saying that liberal economists want a reduction in private standards. This is not the view of a single outstanding liberal economist that I know. They may be critical of the structure of private spending – and who is not? – but they surely all realize that

BEST PLAY
— N.Y. Drama Critics Circle 1960

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we can have more private spending and more public spending (and possibly even a tax cut) with good management. But I also suspect most of them would like – as I would – to see public welfare outlays and especially by the Federal Government rise more than private, for the former has indeed been starved.

It is because I have such high respect for Mr. Keyserling that I write this letter. He is generally right and on the side of the angels. But he may unwittingly be misleading us here.

Seymour E. Harris
Littauer Professor
of Political Economy
Harvard University

The Police and Mr. Badu

Sirs:

Your account (May 30) of the incident in which Kofi Badu of Ghana was seized by the Denver police for taking a picture does not include the effort of the community to make amends, which included a formal apology to Mr. Badu by both the Mayor and the Manager of Safety; and the exile of the bullying police captain and his merry men to "the sticks" in the form of suburban assignments. Whereas such conduct has the sanction of the authorities in some cities, in Denver it shocked everyone and resulted in hasty amends.

Roscoe Fleming
Denver, Colorado

Learning to Read

Sirs:

I think William Jay Smith is unrealistically harsh in speaking of the I-Can't-Read-And-I-Don't-Care-It's-Fun books ("New Children's Books," May 9, 1960). As a writer of children's books and as a teacher, I know there is a great need for books with a simplified vocabulary – not to *replace* more difficult books but to reach children who find the more difficult books completely beyond them. A few children don't need any help at all in learning to read. They discover the wonderful world of books for themselves and would learn to read if they had no tool but the telephone directory. But most children need help, and part of that help lies in repetition, and part of it lies in starting with simple words. I for one am glad to see some books for beginners that get away from the deadly monotony of "See Dick run. See Jane run. Run, Dick, run. Run, Jane, run."

The emphasis on a minimal vocabulary need not be "a national disgrace" at all if it means that *no* reading vocabulary is first converted into a minimal vocabulary and then into an increasingly greater one until the child is on his own. Let's have *The Cat in the Hat* and *The Wind in the Willows*, too.

Eleanor Graham Vance
Edinburg, Texas

The Soviets at the Summit

Sirs:

I congratulate you on the publication of the first sensible analysis of the Soviet side of the Summit fiasco which has come to my attention – namely, Richard Lowenthal's article, "No Mourning for Nikita" (May 30).

Donald W. Treadgold
Professor of Russian History
University of Washington

Faculties for Stevenson

Sirs:

We believe that the announced candidates for the Presidential nomination of the Democratic Party are not the best qualified the Party can provide. We believe a man of stature and proven intellectual capacity is needed who is capable of the leadership that America and the free world so urgently required.

We, the undersigned faculty members of Santa Monica City College, believe that such a man is Adlai E. Stevenson, and we urge those faculties and other groups of similar sentiment to write letters such as this to Governor Stevenson, Libertyville, Illinois, in order to prevail upon him to actively seek the Democratic nomination.

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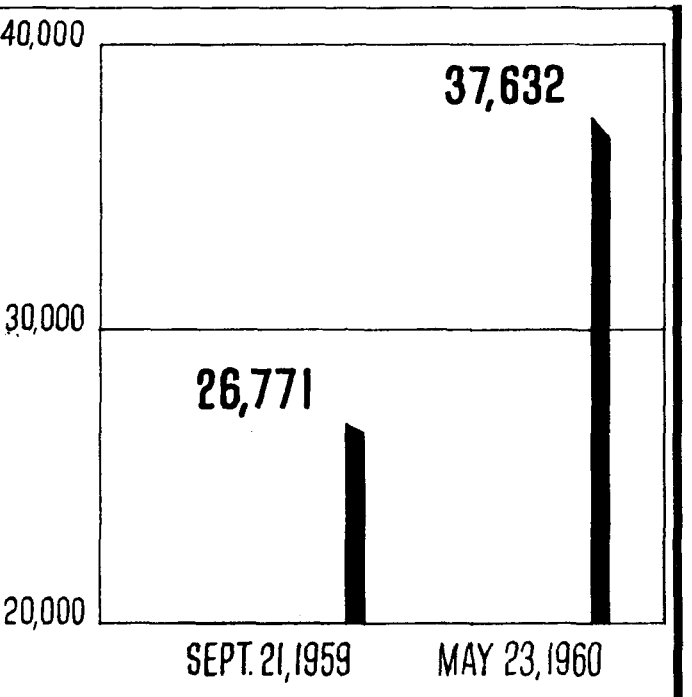

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